

“Times of Blessing” in Manchuria

Rev. J. WEBSTER

Letters from Moukden to the Church at Home
February 17—April 30, 1908

THIRD EDITION

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PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

It was anticipated that the second edition of this account of the revival in Manchuria would have met all demands, but so far from this being the case, a third and larger edition has been called for within a few months.

In this new edition Mr. Webster hoped to have been able to add a supplementary letter describing the remarkable meetings that took place in Tiehling, but through pressure of other work he has found it impossible to do so, and the story is therefore reissued without alteration or addition.

G. H. BONDFIELD.

Shanghai,

December 24th, 1908.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

It is a hopeful sign that a second edition of these Letters has been called for so speedily. Their testimony to the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the churches in Manchuria is a challenge to every church in China to taste and see how gracious the Lord is. They are also a reminder to every missionary and every Chinese pastor that the ordinary service and prayer-meeting and ministry may be the channels of such a measure of the divine grace as shall sweep away every obstacle and reveal to our Chinese Christians all the riches of their inheritance in Christ Jesus.

In this edition of the Letters three additional narratives are given. The Rev. T. C. Fulton describes the work in West Moukden, the Rev. F. S. W. O'Neill writes of their experiences at Fakumen, and the Rev. W. MacNaughtan gives an account of the revival in the Hailungcheng district. Each of these contributions merits careful study; for each gives fresh details and adds fresh testimony to the depth and stability of this remarkable movement.

To these remarks, written at Mr. Webster's request, it may not be inappropriate to mention two of the many things which came under my own observation during a brief visit to Manchuria in June last :—

(1) When taking me round his hospital in Moukden Dr. Christie knocked before opening the door of the room where eye patients are examined. "Do you keep patients here?" I said. "No," he replied, "but I have given the students permission to use it for private prayer and it is frequently occupied. Some of the students now spend hours in prayer."

(2) The morning I left Moukden, Mr. Turley, the local representative of the British & Foreign Bible Society, showed me a report which he had just received from a band of students who had volunteered to conduct an evangelistic campaign at a large fair at Tashihkiao. They had had a remarkably good time, had met with no opposition, had preached in every part of the fair and

had sold nearly one thousand Gospels. The joy of victory was in every line of the report. "Some months ago, before the revival," said Mr. Turley, "I wanted to organize a similar work at one of our local fairs. I saw the pastor here and called for volunteers. There was no response. Some of the evangelists told me that they did not care to sell books; it was beneath their dignity! Now evangelists, students and church-members are all enthusiastic evangelists, and they are selling thousands of copies of the Scriptures."

These incidents are typical of the new life that has come to the churches in Manchuria—there is a fresh conception of prayer and a new desire for fellowship with God, and there is also a deeper sense of responsibility and a new joy in service.

Why should there not be the same life and joy in all the churches? Are we straitened in God? Is he not waiting to be gracious?

I venture to suggest that there could scarcely be a better preparation for a widespread awakening, than the stimulation of thought and expectation amongst our Chinese brethren by reading these Letters in a free translation from the pulpit or by making them the theme of Bible-class and prayer-meeting talks.

G. H. BONDFIELD.

Shanghai,

August 15th, 1908.

Letters to the Home Church from Moukden

LETTER I.

FEBRUARY 17th

We are having a series of special meetings here just now, and I know you will be interested to hear about them. One of the Canadian Presbyterian missionaries of the Honan Mission, Mr. Goforth—is with us. He came from Liaoyang, where a remarkable work has been done during the past ten days. The work began on Saturday night. This is Monday. On Sabbath, 16th, Mr. Goforth held two services, each preceded by an hour of prayer. There was a large congregation on Sabbath morning, from eight to nine hundred people being present. He told us all about the revival in Corea, repeating some of the striking things we have already heard from others. He closed with an appeal for earnest prayer that a like blessing might come to the Moukden people. An opportunity was given to anyone who felt led by the Spirit to pray, but no one responded. Mr. Goforth was disappointed. There was however a tone about the congregation which to me was full of quiet hope and expectation. The keynote had been struck. This wonderful work in Corea, the need of the Holy Spirit. 'It is not by might nor by power.' This truth emphasised, iterated and reiterated, pressed home, was not without its effect from the outset. At night the congregation was very large. I took this as a token for good. To see seven or eight hundred people gathered together after sunset to listen to a foreign missionary setting forth the doctrines of sin and righteousness seemed to me to be something miraculous in itself. 'Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord.' Mr. Goforth's address was from the book of Ezekiel, the vision of the valley of dry bones. Another opportunity was given during a period of silent prayer for voluntary prayer or confession. Again there was no response. It was somewhat disappointing. But

one felt that the tone of hope and expectation sounded deeper. Men were there whom I knew, and one could see that there was a great movement in progress under the surface of things.

On Monday morning immediately after breakfast, ex-elder D. was announced. He desired to see me in private. He began in a low, sad voice, saying he had felt ashamed to come but he had to do it. He could not look me in the face without shame, and he could not lift his heart to God until he had straightened out matters with me. I asked, "What things, Mr. D?" "Do you remember," he said, "that about ten years ago Deacon M. died, and at the time of his death that he had a certain sum of money belonging to the church in trust?" "Yes I remembered." "Do you remember," he continued, "that my firm was security for this money, and that the church accepted interest on it while the family were unable to pay?" "Yes I remembered." "Then the Boxer trouble arose, and you got the Church to cancel the debt, in view of the losses the Christians had sustained at that time?" "Yes that was so." "Pastor," he sobbed, "the M. family prospered afterwards. *They paid the money to me, and I never said anything about it to you.* Yesterday when Mr. Goforth spoke, I became very uneasy and unhappy, I have not slept all night, and I have come to make this confession to you, and to ask you to pray the Lord to forgive this my great sin."

I took the poor man into Mr. Goforth's room and got him to repeat his story. Then we knelt together, and the strong man was all broken, as on bended knees with head bowed to the dust he pleaded for pardon. Soon afterwards, with a new look in his face, he left, having assured us that he would pay the money as soon as he had realised some property. Our hope had begun to be fulfilled. Mr. Goforth was greatly cheered.

This morning, at the close of the address, the usual opportunity was given for confession and prayer. But only those who felt moved by the Spirit were asked to pray; if they had not received the 'Sheng Ling ti kantung' (the grace of the Holy Spirit) they were to hold their peace. One deacon near me, an oldish man,

whose hirsute appendage is fast disappearing, rose and made the remark that he was not at all sure about the 'Sheng Ling ti kantung,' but he wished to say a few words on his own account. "Oh Lord," he prayed, "I wish to say that I give myself to Thee now to be all Thine forevermore, Amen." It was so natural, so entirely unaffected, that the whole congregation gave a glad response. A few more prayers, somewhat after the stereotyped form, followed, and a closing hymn was sung, full souled. No great manifestation such as Mr. Goforth thirsted for, but one was glad. In the evening I posted myself near the door to keep latecomers from disturbing the meeting, and a more orderly gathering you could not wish for. Fathers and mothers were there with their children, and every one as quiet and still as a mouse. Mr. Goforth's voice rang out well in every part of the large building. The usual opportunity for prayer or confession followed the address. One after another rose, and gave utterance to confession and earnest petition, sometimes mingled with sobs hard to suppress. From the women's side of the house a voice arose. Presently her feelings got the better of her, and she sobbed aloud. Just as she was in the midst of this sobbing prayer, someone gave a terrific yell, that sounded as if part of the roof had fallen in and in a moment the whole congregation seemed to be weeping together. This went on for the space of five minutes or so. Scores of people were praying in the most entangled fashion. One felt glad he had not to take the minutes of that short sederunt. It was quite outside the limits of human interpretation. But the Angel who keeps the records of such proceedings as these was near at hand, and one imagines there was not a little to put on record. We met in the evening and held a short, hearty, hopeful prayer-meeting. I may say the ladies are greatly cheered. They have been longing and praying for some such movement among the women, and it seems to have come. It is marvellous how they are coming out. Twice a day through the mire and the keen cold they come, some of them from great distances. A fine spirit prevails. Whole families are coming together and getting blessing. There is a minimum of the hysterical, and a maximum of quiet spiritual work going on. This is my glad conviction.

Tuesday, Feb. 18th.

At the meeting this morning, which began at ten a.m. we had an account of the work in Corea and Liaoyang from a Liaoyang deacon. He spoke as one who had himself got a great uplift. "There will be no difficulty now" he remarked, "in getting the Liaoyang congregation to support its own minister?" Mr. Goforth spoke long, and yet the great congregation never moved. At the close one after another rose and prayed, men and women, to the number of fifteen or more. Their prayers were all manifestly the outpouring of hearts that had been powerfully moved. Our minister, Mr. Liu Chuen Kao, has been greatly quickened. His son, the doctor, prayed today. He also has been deeply moved. The women prayed with wonderful freedom, fervour and gratitude. One or two a little hysterical. But I don't think there will be much more of that. They were repressed a little too much perhaps during the first days when no one who did not feel 'moved by the Spirit' was allowed to pray. They were not sure of this and held their peace.

At the evening meeting to-night the large church was three-quarters full from five o'clock till eight. An evangelist who has been to Corea told us of what he had seen there. But he seems to be measuring everything by that standard, and one hopes he will not get the people to follow, like a flock of sheep, any stereotyped method. The beautiful thing about the movement hitherto has been its spontaniety, no forcing, but the simple, natural movement of human souls touched by the Spirit. To-night it was delightful to see the people rising all over the church and to hear them pouring out their hearts in prayer. Again the greatest fervour and power came from the women's side of the house. We were surprised to hear Mrs. L's voice. We heard she had been given up by the doctor and was dying. And here she was, back from the gates of death, out at this evening meeting on a bitterly cold night, her heart brimming over with thanksgiving and devotion. She has made a vow to give the Lord two full days of service every week for the rest of her life, and she is going to pay that vow. Mrs. P. was also there, the strongest personality in the

church, evidently having got a great uplift. Her prayer was something wonderful. Many others might be mentioned.

The good work is going on. It is a time of refreshing to all of us, in fact a time of joy unspeakable. I am getting quite impatient for a service of praise. Mr. Goforth says it is too soon. He is glad that so many have been quickened, but thinks there are some who have hitherto been holding back. We had our prayer reunion at the close of the evening meeting. Every one thanked God for His gracious presence. Someone prayed that our minister himself might get a blessing. Thank God Mr. Liu has got a blessing. You can see it in his good old face. And his son also.

This morning I went to the church before ten, as I wished to hear about the work of Corea from a Chinaman's standpoint. The building was three-quarters full even then, and the women's part quite full. Mr. Chang gave a very interesting and stirring address. The work he said was genuine as borne witness to by Chinese merchants in Pingyang, who knew nothing about Christianity themselves. Being strangers in this Corean city they naturally found their way to the house of these Shantung merchants, and got into talk with them. "Who were they?" "Christians from Manchuria." "Were there Christians in Manchuria also?" "Oh yes." "Were they the same sort as the Christians here?" "Dont know." "What like are the Christians here?" "Good men! Good men!" "How do you think so?" "Oh a man owed us an account five years ago of twenty dollars. He refused to acknowlege more than ten, and of course we had no redress. A few months ago he came back and asked us to turn up that old account, and insisted on paying it with interest all these years." Things of this sort were happening all over Corea, said Mr. Chang.

Mr. Goforth spoke for quite an hour on prayer, very tender and impressive. The time came for voluntary prayer,—one after another in quick succession. There is now no hanging back, one is waiting for the other to cease. A good deal of suppressed emotion all over the church. I was struck with the movements of Elder S. He seemed overpowered with emotion.

Twice he sprang to his feet, made an attempt to speak, and twice sat down again, burying his face in his hands in great distress. At last he rose, sprang to the platform, and said in effect,—“Mr. Goforth, I can bear this burden no longer! Before the Lord and this congregation I must confess my iniquities. Years ago as all you people know, I was an earnest and sincere Christian. But alas! I fell.” (He then gave the particulars of his fall.) “My wife spoke to me often about my great sin, and at last I could stand her no longer, and made up my mind to get rid of her. I mixed poison with her food on three separate occasions, each time ineffectually. All this time I was a member in the church, and often preached from that pulpit there. I got hundreds of cards printed with my name and designation as elder in this church, but I am no longer worthy of such designation”. (Walking over to the stove) “I now tear up these cards and burn them,” (throwing a handful of cards into the fire) “and I charge every one here who has that card of mine to destroy it. I have been all the time like a fierce dog frightening souls away from the fold of Christ. May God have mercy upon me! May God have mercy upon me!” And he threw himself down on the ground in a very agony of weeping. Immediately the whole congregation broke into loud lamentation. Scores of men and women rushed forward to the platform, fell on their knees and made abject confession of sin. It was impossible to gather particulars, the hubbub was so great. There was not a dry face in the building. When the noise had subsided a little, Mr. S. again got up, and said, “Here is a gold bangle which in my pride and vanity I bought and wore. And here is a gold ring which I have also been wearing. They are not mine. Take them, and may God have mercy on my soul!”

In his terrible excitement to get rid of the ring he almost tore his finger out of joint. A friend beside him assisted him, and the ring and bangle were laid on the table. An earnest prayer, simple and tender arose on the women's side. It was a cry for forgiveness. I enquired who it was who thus prayed. The reply was, Mrs. S. the wife of the elder who had just confessed.

I cannot remember what happened after that on Wednesday forenoon. We were as those who had dreamed. There is not a doubt in the minds of any of us now but that we are in the midst of a great work of grace. The Spirit of the Lord is with us as we have not seen heretofore.

Thursday.

At both morning and evening meetings to-day the church was filled. The spiritual movement is spreading and deepening. There has been no scene such as we witnessed on Wednesday. Thank God for that. But the desire to get good has spread over the whole congregation. They seem to be afraid that the time will pass away and leave them unblessed, and so we have had crowds of people confessing, —elders, deacons, evangelists, members young and old, enquirers, backsliders. The whole congregation has been of one mind to-day. And it was this,—we must get the Spirit and the power He can bring, and we must take every step, however painful it may be, in order not to miss the great blessing. The spirit of prayer has been wonderfully manifest. Sometimes half a dozen would start at once, and on one occasion the entire congregation of seven or eight hundred people were all praying together. But there was not the slightest feeling of discord. One felt they were all of one heart and one mind. The spirit of giving offerings has been wonderful. Men have promised land, and houses as well as money to the Lord's cause. I don't know how many offered to give part of their time to voluntary service for the Master. The spirit of praise of course has been very evident, especially to-day. The singing of hymns of thanksgiving has been splendid.

I could write on, but I must get this away at once, so that you may share with us in this great joy. Pray that this gracious work may continue and abide, and that all Manchuria may share in the blessing it has brought.

LETTER II.

FEBRUARY 20th.

This is the last day of Mr. Goforth's visit. Yesterday and to-day the meetings were larger than ever. A continuous stream of confession and petition flowed the whole time, the whole congregation frequently bursting into united prayer. It was something wonderful.

The desire to make confession has brought a great number to their feet. Mr. Goforth never in any way encourages, indeed he rather represses. But this is the beauty of it. Men and women seem overwhelmed with the sense of guilt, and cannot find rest until they get rid of it in this way. The feature of the movement seems to be a deep sense of sin. To-night Elder L. came forward and said that he too felt impelled to confess his sin. Petty acts of dishonesty, of which he had been guilty years ago, he quietly and circumstantially enumerated,—they had been rankling in his heart, and keeping him from blessing—so he said. H. the elder also made a clean breast of shady things belonging to his past, and many others, some of them painful to listen to, all of them showing signs of the deepest contrition. When things have seemed overpowering I lead them away into a verse of some well known hymn, such as "Jesus saves" or "What can wash away my sin?" The result has always been fine. We are all of us, foreigners, Chinese minister, and the whole congregation of one heart and one mind. I have wired to Paotingfu to Dr. Lowrie to send the Rev. Mr. Meng to us. He and Mr. Liu our own minister are well known to each other, and if he comes he will help us to carry on this great work. It has come upon us so unexpectedly that we have no plans. But I trust we shall be led to open up channels to carry the blessing all over Manchuria.

During the first part of the evening meeting to-night a long list of offerings from those who had derived benefit from the meetings was read out. I have before me a note of a few of these free will-offerings. One poor man gave a dollar, another six; one offers a tenth of his

income to the Lord, along with a gold bangle and gold ring. A fourth—five bushels of grain. One man offers five hundred strings of cash, another the rent of two small houses. One elder brings 300 dollars, a voluntary preacher, 160 dollars besides a month's voluntary service. Another voluntary preacher offers the rent of half an acre of land yearly. A man who confessed to having cheated the hospital in making garments brings a piece of cotton cloth as restitution. A woman brings her gold ornaments and lays them on the table, and a little girl came forward, and holding up a little bangle, said,—“I like this bangle very much, but I want to give it to Jesus.” One deacon offers the salary of an evangelist, another—the son of one of the first elders of Moukden, long since departed—offers 20 dollars a month towards the salary of a second minister for Moukden. One undertakes to preach the gospel in the open air every week. An elder gives a two-roomed house as a place of prayer—and so on. EVERYBODY IS WILLING.

Saturday.

This has been another great day. About thirty office-bearers, preachers and dispensers went to the station in the early morning, full five miles distant, to bid farewell to Mr. Goforth. They sang a hymn with great heart as the train was about to start, much to the wonderment of the listening multitudes.

At the morning meeting the Rev. Mr. Liu presided. Again the continuous stream of confession and petition poured in for the space of two hours. Among others four elders and a number of deacons spoke, confessing and asking prayer. The climax was reached when Mr. Liu, rising in the pulpit, asked earnest prayer on behalf of himself, his office-bearers, the staff of evangelists, the dispensers in the men's and women's hospitals, the school-teachers, all those in the employment of the missionaries,—and then he stopped. “And please include the missionaries themselves in your supplication,” broke in a foreign voice,—“that a rich blessing may come upon them all.” And immediately such a burst of prayer broke out from the whole congregation as surely was never heard before. There was no confusion or discord as might have been expected. Seven hundred different people were

each praying their own prayer, aloud, and yet withal there was the most perfect harmony. Again and again that day this wave of prayer swept over the assembly, carrying everyone along with it by an irresistible impulse. It was the same thing on Sabbath. The church was crowded morning and evening. Had we not thought it wise to break up, the meeting might have easily gone on all day, and all night for that matter. The stream flowed on, deepening and widening every hour,—confessions, petitions, thanksgivings, consecration. Requests for prayer poured in—for fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sons and daughters. A school girl sends in a request for ten members of her family. A merchant requests prayer for a score of men in his employment. A father asks prayer for a son, a prodigal in the far unknown. Prayers for the backsliding members of the church were innumerable. The excommunicated weighed heavily on the minister's heart. He said that there were rules of the church which were necessary, and which had to be carried out, and in consequence not a few whose names had once been on the communicants roll had been cut off. But he longed for these men to come again, and he asked prayer that the Lord would open a door for them, and incline them to return. It was the signal for another of those simultaneous and spontaneous outbursts of united prayer which has been one of the characteristics of the meetings during these past four days. Never in the history of the city has there been such a day as this Sabbath day has been in Moukden.

Monday.

It was decided to have only one meeting a day from this onward. The church was well filled at eleven o'clock and the stream of prayer flowed on. At the close a hymn had been given out, and the blind organist had begun to play, when one of the elders whose voice had not yet been heard—a much respected man among us—came down to the front, and in a few short simple manly words told of his coldness in the Lord's service, and asked the earnest prayers of the people. After prayer, a different hymn from that which had just been announced was sung. It was our 'hallelujah chorus.' As one said, nothing else would do in the circumstances.

Tuesday.

This is the tenth day of the meetings. The interest shows no sign of declining. From ten a.m. till one thirty there was never a break in the stream of prayer. Towards the close the feeling became intense. One after another confessed with broken voices, and made offerings. One man offered the salary of a native preacher as a thank-offering. A formal resignation of eldership on the part of Elder S. was read. He said that although he had made confession, and humbly believed the Lord had pardoned him, yet his sin was so heinous that he could no longer remain in office. Thereupon Elders L. and H. in succession rose and declared that they too were no longer worthy to hold office. They all implored prayer on their behalf. It was another signal. The whole congregation burst into loud and united prayer. Afterwards they all rose in their places and begged the elders to remain with them. And the minister standing in the pulpit added with great, passionate earnestness "*Yes! Yes! and together we will drive the devil out*"!—Every hand was shot up when the mind of the people was called forth. The doxology had been sung, the benediction pronounced, and one of the elders, still on his knees, declared for two meetings a day instead of one. The proposal was hailed with acclamation. So at five o'clock we again met. The church was three-quarters full. A large number of requests for prayer had been handed in. One of them was from Sheng, an old elder, who brought great disgrace to the church many years ago. He has been cut off the roll of members for many years and has undergone a great change since the meetings began. He rose and made confession, and implored the congregation to beseech the Lord on his behalf, and on behalf of his family.

Requests for prayer also came from the hospital dispensers, from the girls' school, from the north and east suburb chapels, in each of which prayer unions have been formed. The blessing has gone out to all branches of the mission, and we look forward to a great work during the coming months, in the chapels, in the hospital, and in all the schools. As I have already mentioned, our minister, Mr. Liu, has received a great uplift. It is simple truth to say that the conduct of the movement has been entirely in his hands,

so far as human instrumentality is concerned, ever since Mr. Goforth left. I have always been by his side. This has been my privilege and my joy. To kneel beside him in the pulpit while in tender, sympathetic tones he leads the congregation to pray for this and that one by name, the backslider, the penitent, the broken and contrite heart, 'the bereaved widow with her five children' entering into touching little details as only a minister who knew his flock intimately could do, to share in the work of applying the healing balm to wounded spirits, and to join him in his song of thanksgiving—all this has been to me an unspeakable joy.

This is the Lord's doing. It is marvelous in our eyes. The Divine Spirit is working His own gracious work in His own way among this people. 'There is a great danger of marring it. It must be with very gentle hand we touch it. And for the rest, —*Stand still, and see the salvation of God.*

LETTER III.

MARCH 5TH.

In former letters I gave in very imperfect outline the story of the Moukden meetings up to, and including the tenth day. We are now well into the third week of this most wonderful movement, and there is no sign of the interest abating. On the other hand it has deepened every day since Mr. Goforth left, and there is every sign that this is but the beginning of a great and far-reaching work of grace. The evidences of a spiritual awakening were so unmistakable, that we felt it would be disastrous to bring the meetings to an end when Mr. Goforth left. It was therefore decided to carry them on. But fearing lest too much interference on the part of foreigners might hinder the free operation of the Spirit of God, we resolved to telegraph to Dr. Walter Lowrie of Paotingfu, telling him of the movement and asking for assistance. Dr. Lowrie is well known as a leader in evangelistic effort; and had charge of the resolutions on evangelistic work at the Centenary Conference at Shanghai. We therefore naturally turned to him as one who was likely to understand the situation, and send us the help we needed. I specially mentioned the Rev. Meng Chi Tseng, the younger brother of the Martyr minister of Paotingfu, and himself minister of one of the congregations of that city, and connected with the American Board Mission and a friend of our own minister, Mr. Liu. On the day that Mr. Goforth left we got a reply wire from Dr. Lowrie—" *Elder Li starts Monday.*" Paotingfu is a three days journey from Moukden by rail, but it shows how the railway is going to forward the kingdom of God in China when I say that within a week of our telegraphic dispatch Mr. Li was in the Moukden pulpit, and Mr. Meng by his side. When Dr. Lowrie first approached Mr. Meng, he had engagements which he feared would prevent him, and it was decided to send Mr. Li. Later the way was opened up and they both came. Mr. Meng gave one address, a short one, but one felt it was worth his while, and ours, that he should come all the way from Paotingfu to give it. It linked this wonderful

movement of today with another memorial period now forty years gone by. Mr. Meng's father was one of those who were led to Christ through William Chalmers Burns, during his visit to Peking in the sixties. He told us that from childhood he had had the desire to visit the land east of the barrier, having heard so much about it from his father, to whom Manchuria was rendered very sacred, the grave of his beloved Pin Wei Liang (Rev. W. C. Burns) being there. "You are reaping today"—he said—"in this revival movement the fruit of the prayers of that man of God, who, just over forty years ago, began to pray for this which we now see and hear, the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon Manchuria. Even then Mr. Burns, in his dreary lodging, in Newchwang, waiting patiently for the Master's call and praying while it tarried, even then he saw this day in vision, and was glad. "God," he said, "will carry on His work in Manchuria. I have no fear of that."

This address was given on Friday. On Saturday Mr. Meng was in the hospital suffering from a severe illness. For the next ten days he was unable to take any part in the meetings, and the speaking fell almost entirely to Mr. Li.

The three days between my last letter and the coming of the Paotingfu men were entirely given up to prayer. The congregation continued to come out in large numbers. We sent dispatches to the outstations inviting the country members to come in. A special entertainment committee elected itself, and called for subscriptions. They came in freely. It was a great gain this interval of prayer. The minds of men grew calm in this atmosphere after the exciting period through which they had just passed. A great peace and joy grew up in the hearts of many who had been in the depths of mental distress. The men from the country were afforded an opportunity of joining in prayer for blessing on the coming evangelists. It was part of that divine ordering which has been recognised by many since this work began.

From the tenth day onwards the meetings, which were held twice daily, each lasting fully three hours, naturally divided themselves into three parts. Thus, part of the first hours was given up to individual prayer. Between ten and

eleven a.m. a large number had gathered. A hymn was sung, and we knelt in prayer. One after another without a moment's interval would lead our devotions, until fifteen or twenty had taken part. This outpouring of the spirit of prayer is one of the characteristics of the movement. Every one seemed to want to pray. Then another hymn, and the requests for prayer followed. You must not think this is a bit of foreign machinery introduced by the foreign missionary. We had nothing to do with it. From first to last there has been no foreign machinery impelling this movement. The movement has created its own machinery. Thus the requests for prayer arose as a necessity of the situation. So many people were getting up and requesting the prayers of the congregation for themselves, their relations and others that it was impossible to take them up in an orderly manner. A Chinaman is practical in his praying as in everything else, and he must know definitely what is wanted of him. Some one at the back of the church would make a request that was not intelligible to some brother in the front, who would promptly ask for particulars. "Better write it out and send it to me," suggested the minister, who had probably never heard of 'requests for prayer,' in his life. So it came to pass that the petitions were written out and sent in. They came in shoals. I have before me now a sheaf of over three hundred. There is no anonymity about them. It is not a case of 'A father asks prayer for his son.' The name and address of the petitioner are given in full in each case, also the names of those for whom prayer is asked. Thus—"Chu Ching Ho, a miserable sinner, who has been a Christian for twenty years, denied Christ and worshipped idols at the Boxer time, has been indifferent ever since. Pray for me and for me wife, who is not a Christian. Alas ! I have never done anything to induce her to become one. Pray that God may have mercy upon me."

Another, Wang Pao Shen asks the minister, elders, deacons, brethren, and sisters of the church to pray for his father, mother and wife, all of them still outside.

And yet another, "Hsiang Yang Sheng, a sinner without compare, who has transgressed every one of God's commandments. Pray the Lord

in His infinite mercy to compassionate me. Also for my son, for many years a member, but who has drifted away, and never goes to church. Also alas! to my great sorrow my daughter-in-law and grandson are still outside. Pray the Lord for them, and for me, that He may have mercy upon us all. I send five dollars along with this, a token of my repentance."

And so on, and on, through the whole sheaf for fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sons, daughters, relations, communities. The minister is in the pulpit, with the day's petitions spread out before him. The congregation have all gathered, we all kneel, and together on our knees sing a verse of such a hymn as 'I need Thee every hour.' One by one the requests are read out by the minister, who usually interjects little comments of his own to make the matter quite plain, and then the whole congregation together bear the petition in prayer to the Throne of Grace. The wonderful thing is there is no sense of discord. On the other hand there has sometimes been the most striking harmony. It sounded indeed like the most beautiful music, as of a wind swept aeolian harp. Not infrequently seven or eight hundred people were taking part. No human ingenuity could have produced it. Then came a short interval of hymn singing, and Mr. Lee gave his address. "He is the man for the hour," was the remark of one of our missionary ladies after hearing his first address. If we had searched China through we could not have found a man whose message could more exactly fit the psychological moment. The first thing that struck us was the great humility of the man. "I have come to you," he said, "not that I can hope to give anything to you, but to get a little of this gracious fire that has fallen upon you, to inspire my own heart, and to take some back to Paotingfu." His spiritual discernment seemed to enable him to know at once the sort of treatment the congregation required. His addresses have been marked by great ability, clear, spiritual, evangelical, up-building, rich in Scripture illustrations and practical in the highest degree. Again we were thrown back on first principles by a sermon on the text—*Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord.*

The troubled in soul were led to look to Christ in addresses from the texts, "Sir we would see Jesus," and "I, if I be lifted, up from the earth will draw all men unto me." The despairing got hope from the text—"I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." There was the call to duty from the texts—"As we forgive our debtors," "Roll ye away the stone," "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," "Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven," "Bring all tithes into the storehouse, etc." The congregation listened with the most earnest attention, many were busy filling up their notebooks, and Mr. Lee's expositions and apt illustrations will do service in many places for many days to come. Those days of Mr. Lee's ministry amongst us cannot be better described than in the words of Jonathan Edwards used in regard to a somewhat similar movement which took place a hundred and seventy years ago,—“The goings of God were then seen in His Sanctuary, His tabernacles were amiable, our public assemblies were then beautiful. The congregation was alive in God's service, every one earnestly intent upon the public worship. Every hearer was eager to drink in the words of the minister as they came from his mouth.”

So everything in the Divine working is old and everything old is new. During this third week some notable things have happened. Among others, one young fellow confessed that in 1900 he had joined the Boxers, and undergone a regular course of drill in the south suburb. He told us how he became uneasy in his conscience when he saw how far things were going and had begged the Boxer chief to allow him to return home on the pretence of getting a change of clothing. He had then escaped, but ever since then he had been miserable, and he literally cried for mercy. With unusual fervour the congregation prayed for the man who had been a blasphemer, a persecutor and injurious. Another confessed that when Moukden was burning at the Boxer time, he had stolen money and goods, and now repented his ill gotten gains. Many confessed to having denied Christ at the Boxer time. A poor woman after praying with great earnestness and fervour, came forward with an offering of two dollars to buy books for enquirers as she could not speak to them herself.

The most notable incident was when an old member, excommunicated for several years, who in the meantime has become a man of influence in the city, and is president of the Chamber of Commerce, came forward and told us how during these days his sin had been revealed to him, and he besought the prayers of the congregation on behalf of himself and his family. But the most striking development of the week has been the thank-offerings, which have been forthcoming. Letters have been received in great numbers offering gifts of money, ornaments, goods, and voluntary service. During the first fortnight many offerings were made,—land, houses, money, goods, ornaments, grain,—all sent by penitent men, as tokens of repentance. But this week the gifts have taken the form of thank-offerings for blessings received. Many have given notice of their purpose to give a tenth of their income to the Lord. Out of a handful I select one or two of these letters for translation.

“The Misses Lee, Liu, and Chang, dispensers in the women’s hospital, having heard the teaching of these past days, have thought in our hearts if the Lord has loved us with a love like this, it would be little if we gave a half instead of a tenth to Him. If the Lord has appointed us to do this work for him in the hospital why should we not be willing to do it freely? We do desire to devote our whole lives to the Lord, always to be His servants. But we have no strength of our own, and we ask prayer that the Holy Spirit may help us in this our earnest purpose, and that we may be kept from forsaking the Lord. We also desire to give a tenth of our salary to His service. And now it is our earnest desire that we may have faithful hearts to serve Him. Please pray for us.”

A young merchant writes thus: “As one who has received grace from the Lord, and as a token of faith and love towards the Lord Jesus Christ, I desire to devote a tenth of my property to Him. I estimate roughly that my capital amounts to Dollars 7,000. So I have placed a tenth of this sum to the credit of the church in the Bank, to be applied thus:—Men’s Hospital 100, Women’s Hospital 100, Missionary and Bible Society 100, Education 200, Evangelistic agencies 200.”

A member who has had the reputation hitherto of being very close-fisted, who indeed has never been known to give anything to the Church before, received such an uplift that he wrote offering a fifth of his income to the Lord's service. A firm wrote that they proposed to increase their annual subscription by Dollars 120. One of the partners gave Dollars 60 in addition, and ended the letter by stating,—“The firm have decided to close their place of business on Sabbath and, as soon as the weather permits, purpose to *sweep the front of the hong*, and observe the Lord's Day.”

One poor man wrote that he had received a great blessing, and had nothing to offer by way of expressing his gratitude *except a black calf with a white stripe*, and he begged the minister, elders and members to pray the Lord to accept the black calf with the white stripe. There were many other offerings of definite sums, or a tenth part of income. Scores of such letters have been received and they are coming in daily.

We have been receiving earnest appeals from our country members, and almost daily requests for prayer on behalf of this and that outpost, so that we have had to face a mission to all the outstations connected with Moukden. It was no easy undertaking as there are, roughly speaking, from twenty to twenty-five towns and villages where there are groups of Christians formed into embryo churches, drawing their members and adherents from four times that number of places. A call for volunteers was given, and seventeen men responded. The session met for the purpose of dealing with these offers of service. The various outstations were grouped into seven districts, and it was decided to send two or three men together to each district. It turned out that the number of volunteers exactly correspond to the number of men required for the various districts. The next question to decide was *who* was to go *where*? “Don't send me to Changtan” pleaded one of the men. Others had their own ideas of where they would like to go. Some districts were more desirable than others, the soil more promising, the conditions altogether more favorable. Other districts were remote, the soil hard,

the members cold, and the whole outlook uninviting. It was resolved to cast lots. The names of the volunteers were all written out on separate slips of paper and thrown into the minister's hat. Each district was then called out, and two or three names drawn by Mr. Liu. The first district to be called was Changtan and the first name drawn was the man who didn't want to go : "Ai Ah !" said the man, "this is surely God's doing." There were others who were sent where they certainly would not have elected to go, but there was no jealousy shown, all felt there was no doubt about the call. On Sabbath morning, the beginning of the fourth week of the meetings, after the usual service, the volunteers one by one answered to their names, and took their stand in front of the pulpit. They were then solemnly sent forth, the minister giving an address full of wise counsel and strong encouragement, and offering earnest prayer on their behalf. Then on Monday, morning and evening, many prayers were offered up for them and their great mission, the whole congregation rising at the close and singing with great heart, 'God be with you till we meet again.'

Tuesday, March 10th.

This morning a cavalcade of carts left the church premises at dawn, bearing these messengers of good tidings, north, south, east, and west.

LETTER IV.

MARCH 30TH.

My last letter brought the story of the Moukden movement to the beginning of the fourth week, when the volunteers left the city on their ten days' mission to the outstations. I must now tell you something of this mission as I have myself seen it, and as I have heard of it from those who have taken part in it.

To begin with let me tell you a little about these outstations. There are over twenty such stations, established in villages or market towns round Moukden in all directions, from seven to thirty English miles from the city. They have each a place of worship of one kind or another, and an embryo congregation of believers gathered from many villages around. They all date from the period of the great ingathering which followed after the China-Japan war of 1894. During those memorable years the missionaries had so much work to do among the multitudes who were seeking admission into the church that there was little time available for teaching or organizing the young converts. And when the 1900 tribulation came upon them it came like a thief in the night. They were not prepared for it. Their sufferings during that terrible time can never be told. Many denied their Lord. They were Christians—in name at least—hence their bitter sufferings, but they were Chinamen. A lie was a little thing to them then, and life was sweet. So they lied—and lived. Meanwhile all their property was taken from them, their houses and chapels burned down, and to all outward seeming the vine was torn up by the roots. But it revived again. The people returned to their old homes after the terror was over, they built up their ruined homesteads, and sowed and reaped as in former years. Better still, many of them repented their lie, and once more vowed allegiance to their Lord. The waste places were restored, and a time of prosperity, temporal and spiritual, seemed to have dawned. Then the Russo-Japanese war broke out. The contending armies swept the fields and farmyards bare. The Christians, sharing in the common

lot of all, were driven from their homes. Public worship was impossible. Missionary visitation was prohibited. Churches and chapels were used as barracks by the Russians, and torn down for fuel by the Japanese. It was indeed 'a terrible day' following so hard upon the blight of 1900. "That which the palmerworm had left the locust had eaten, and what the locust had left the cankerworm had eaten." It was with them as in Joel's day, and the people said, "Is not food cut off from our eyes, joy and gladness from the house of our God?" For a time the people were soured. Faith and hope withered and almost died out. But gradually a change came. Temporal prosperity returned with a succession of good harvests after the war. Once more they gathered for the worship of their common Lord, their meeting places one by one were restored, and although there was much coldness, formality, and general spiritual stagnation to be deplored, still the outstations of Moukden at the beginning of this year of grace, 1908, had at least "a name to live."

I mention these things by way of preface to what follows, and to show the sort of preparation which our outstations had undergone for this special mission.

It was my lot to be sent along with our minister's son, Doctor Liu, and another, to a district thirty miles southeast of the city. We had three stations to visit—Tuerto, Szefangtai, and Panchiapu. They were said to be the most backward of all.

At dusk on Tuesday, March 10th, we arrived at the village of Tuerto. Dr. Liu at once suggested sending messengers to all the villages where there were Christians, telling them of the meetings, and inviting them to come. This was done, and on Wednesday morning sixty people had gathered. We told them the story of the past three weeks in Moukden—nothing more. They listened with an air of wonderment and thoughtfulness. At the evening meeting one noticed a troubled look on many faces, but when we called for prayer only one responded, formal, stereotyped. Next morning Doctor Liu and I walked out together. He was greatly troubled, thought he had made a mistake in coming, that he was not the man for this sort of thing. We came to a

wooded copse, and the doctor suggested prayer. We knelt by an old willow and he poured out his heart to God. "Guide us" he prayed, "as to who shall speak, what we shall say or *whether we should speak at all*." He seemed like one inspired. We returned to the meeting. We sang a hymn. Dr. Liu said we might have a time of silent prayer, and if any one felt disposed he might pray aloud. Presently a sob from a man in the front seat, and a broken-hearted prayer for mercy. Another followed in the same way. Several men and women were weeping. Then a man came up from the back seat saying,—“I wish to speak.” He was the principal deacon of the place. His first few words were spoken with difficulty. But presently he gained control of himself, and said,—“You all know me. I have been passing as a good sincere Christian man among you. I am nothing of the sort. Formerly I was delighted when a missionary or an evangelist came here, but when I heard they were coming on this occasion I was not pleased. I felt this was no ordinary visit. Yesterday when hearing of the Mòukden meetings I was greatly troubled. Last night I could not sleep thinking of my sins. I cannot bear the burden any longer.” He then fell on his knees in an agony of weeping, and poured out his confession in prayer, beseeching us also to pray for him. Immediately the whole meeting broke down, and for a considerable time everyone continued to pray aloud. Afterwards one after another rose and besought prayer. For three hours this went on. Once in a while Dr. Liu or I would repeat a text, or point a distracted soul to the Saviour, or sing a verse of a simple hymn. But there was no formal address, only prayer. One dare not write what those broken and contrite hearts poured out before the Lord. It were sacrilege so to do. The sense of guilt was sometimes overpowering. For the first time in their lives they seemed to feel that they were face to face with a holy God, and, however painful the process, they must make full confession of their sins. What seemed to trouble many was the memory of what they did at the Boxer time. How many times did we hear this memory recalled, and see men and women weeping bitter tears as they confessed their denial of Christ then. “Not only did I worship the idols myself,” sobbed one

poor fellow. "but I led my old mother to the temple and made her do the same, *and she is dead!*" And he refused to be comforted. It was the same at the evening meeting.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," and on Friday morning the tone changed. The spirit of praise as well as prayer had taken possession of them. Everybody wanted to pray. Not the old prayers, the well known oft repeated formula they have been babbling for many years. New petitions offered with a new reverence, a new solemnity, a new humility, and a new assurance of faith, as children to a father, having had their "hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience." In the matter of praying, as in much else, "old things have passed away, all things have become new."

On the afternoon of Friday I left Dr. Liu to continue the meetings at Tuerto, and proceeded to Panchiapu, whither my second companion had gone the day before to prepare the way. It was arranged that I should rejoin the doctor at the third village on Saturday night. Some sixty people gathered in the evening at Panchiapu. I told them our story. They were interested,—nothing more. The following morning another large meeting convened. I proposed a short time of prayer. Several took part, quite in the old orthodox style. They had not taken it in. One felt sorry, and wondered if the foreigner's hands were marring the work. Before leaving I strongly urged them, as many as were able, to go to Tuerto for the thanksgiving service on Sunday. Many consented.

I reached Szefangtai—eight miles further—towards evening. A meeting had been held in the morning by Dr. Liu. A number of the folk had been at Tuerto, and had got blessing. The house was packed when I arrived. We lit our candles at the darkening, and the meeting began. What a meeting that was! It needed no conducting, or very little. Occasionally it seemed well to sing a verse of a hymn, or repeat a divine promise, that was all. Yet there was no excitement, nothing calling for repression. There was plenty of weeping. The house was full of men and women with broken and contrite hearts, and the floor was simply watered with their tears. One had heard of such meetings.

Our fathers had told us of their having been eye-witnesses to something similar, in their day, in Scotland—long ago, but we had never seen it in this fashion. It was just great, writ large. The house where we were gathered was a humble enough one, mud walled, mud floored and smoke begrimed; but it was for the moment transfigured, and became the House of God and the very Gate of Heaven. “Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant. Here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the shining ones commonly walked because it was on the borders of heaven.” One felt it was good to be there. We could have remained on and on, and we did remain on until our candles burned out in their sockets. And long afterwards men stood round an oil cruise, getting their thank-offerings written out. It was a poor village. The people were all poor. And yet next morning we found the thank-offering amounted to £6 sterling. If there had been a night like that night in some of our city congregations at home, what a thank-offering it would have been! Sabbath morning saw us back at Tuerto for the thanksgiving service. I had told Dr. Liu about the Panchiapu lukewarmness, and he was much distressed. There was a great gathering, and the Panchiapu men were there in force and their women folk too, although it was ten miles away. After praise and prayer Dr. Liu said he had been grieved to hear that there had been no blessing at Panchiapu. It was very distressing for the brethren there, who were greatly to be pitied if they were passed over. So he said, and then proposed that first of all we should have a time of earnest prayer on behalf of Panchiapu. And with one consent the whole congregation besieged the Throne of Grace on this behalf. It was a great chorus that! A hundred people or more were earnestly praying for Panchiapu. Panchiapu was the one sound that was unmistakable. When this united prayer ceased the voice of the leading deacon of that

unhappy place began to pray. He had not gone far before he seemed to realise that the old stereotyped formula was a dead letter now, so he just let himself go. "Oh Lord," he said, "don't leave out Panchiapu;" and then he added, apologetically, "there's nothing really wrong with Panchiapu, only *we are just deadly cold.*" The thanksgiving service was the crowning meeting of the series in that village, and at its close the Panchiapu deacon and members came forward and implored us to go back to them. They would take no denial. They had seen the blessing others had got, and they must have it too. So Dr. Liu went back with them and held a three days mission. They got what they sought, and they said at the close of the meetings, "We must never get into this deadly cold state again." Then and there they raised half the salary of an evangelist, got friends to help them with the other half, and sent an urgent letter to the Moukden session asking an evangelist to be sent at once to teach and preach among them. The session appointed a man, and while I write he is *en route* to minister to the people of Panchiapu.

When Dr. Liu went to Panchiapu, I travelled eight miles in the opposite direction to Tutaitze to meet other two deputies who had been conducting a series of meetings at Changtan. I met them on the Monday morning. They had the bearing of men who had been at the wars and had returned victorious. It was the joy of the Seventy over again. "Lord even the devils are subject unto us through Thy Name." They told me that on the evening of the third day of the mission the whole congregation began to cry aloud for mercy. The village magnates came to find out if any one had died suddenly. They could not understand such sorrow on any other ground. Men had voluntarily confessed to crimes that not even torture could have made them reveal. They had a book with them in which the names of those who had confessed were entered, and the nature of the confession. It was a terrible list. Some of the men were in the room when it was submitted to me. I said to the leading elder,—“If the Lord has blotted out these awful things from the book of His Remembrance, why should we keep a record of them? Better burn the whole handwriting.”

He looked at me for a moment reproachfully. He meant to take it back to Moukden as a spoil of war. It was only for a moment. The next the leaves were torn out and the damning record committed to the flames. And the men whose names were there fell down on their knees and wept.

After a three days mission at Tutaitze, where a similar awakening took place, we arranged a thanksgiving service for Thursday forenoon. Representatives from six stations came together to render praise to Almighty God for His gracious blessing. There was a gathering of over two hundred Christians. The short reports we heard from the various stations all told the same tale of blessing. Not one of them had been passed by. And since our return to Moukden we have met the deputies from all the other places, and the stories they tell are simply echoes of what we heard that day. The blessing which came to us in Moukden has fallen on all the out-stations, the same awakening of the Christians, the same profound conviction of sin. Everywhere they have looked on Him whom they have pierced, and mourned, as one mourneth for his only son, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn. "Everywhere the same spirit of contrition, confession, restitution, thanksgiving, the same remarkable spirit of prayer all along the line. The Boxers, the war, persecution, famine, peril, sword—all are forgotten now. The years that the palmerworm, the locust and the caterpillar had eaten have been restored. And after such things it has been, as promised,—"I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And even upon all the slaves and the handmaidens in those days will I pour out my Spirit."

At the close of the thanksgiving meeting short parting words of counsel were given. My companion Doctor Liu, who is quite a young fellow, and has undergone a deep spiritual experience during the past month, has developed a wonderful gift as a leader in this movement. He gave the last address, and at its close he asked all those present who had received blessing during the meetings to rise. The whole

congregation rose like one man. As they stood he continued,—“All those who are resolved henceforth to follow the Lord fully, hold up the right hand.” And every hand went up. Standing thus, with uplifted hands, we sang our consecration hymn.—

My body, soul and spirit,
Saviour I give to Thee.

And how they sang! It was a great, solemn, gladdening sight. Nothing but a psalm seems fitting here.

When Zion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we,
Then filled with laughter was our mouth
Our tongues with melody.

They 'mong the heathen said the Lord,
Great things for them hath wrought.
The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence joy to us is brought.

A joy which I am sure will be shared by many of the faithful in the home church, who have, for many years, been praying for this which we now see and hear in Manchuria.

LETTER V.

APRIL 14th.

In my previous letters the story of the gracious movement in the Manchurian Church has been limited to Moukden and its outposts. The movement has not been confined to this city however ; it has spread like a flame of fire to all the places whither Mr. Goforth has gone, and to many places whither he has not gone, so that Liaoyang, Hsinminfu, Kuangning, Chinchou, Haicheng, Fakumen, Tieling, Hailung-cheng and Kwan-chengtze, the port of Newchwang, and their outstations, have all shared in the blessing of it.

Before writing of this it may be interesting, at this point, to tell you something more in detail of the inception of this great movement, of the man through whom, in the providence of God, this so signal blessing has come to us, of the methods he has used and the message he has brought. I have been asked about the previous preparation we had. I am not aware of any special preparation. Some of us were quite unprepared, we were not waiting for it in any sense whatever. We were not, if the truth were told, much interested in it, had no great enthusiasm for missions of the kind. As for the Chinese Christians, such a special mission, although not entirely a new thing, did not evoke any great sense of the necessity for special preparation. So if you ask the question,—What did you do beforehand in the way of making preparation for this great movement, my answer must be, “we did nothing.” We may have been wrong, I think we were very wrong. We have received much : one wonders how much we have lost by neglecting the very necessary previous heart-searching, repentance and prayer. Having said this it must be added, that, for a year or more, there had been deep in the hearts of many of the missionaries and Chinese Christians a sense of great need, a dissatisfaction with existing conditions within the Church and a longing for higher things. As far back as the Presbytery meeting of 1906, our first meeting after the war, we heard with profound interest

of remarkable spiritual movements in other parts of China, and at our Presbytery meeting last year, when visitors from Corea told us of the work of grace there, the Chinese brethren were deeply stirred and the Presbytery at once resolved itself into a prayer-meeting to invoke similar blessing on Manchuria. For two years there had been a prayer-meeting of all the ladies of the mission once a fortnight when prayer was constantly offered for revival. From Liaoyang two men were sent to Corea to see the work for themselves and these men returning before the mission began, were of immense service afterwards, in Liaoyang, Moukden and elsewhere. When the time for Mr. Goforth's coming to Moukden drew near, although there were no special prayer-meetings held, Mr. Liu, the respected minister of the Moukden congregation, made use of the ordinary diets of worship to impress the people with the importance of prayer in view of the forthcoming meetings. The coming of Mr. Goforth, one might say, was a pure accident. The Rev. Dr. Mackay, of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, was on a visit to China in connection with the Centenary Conference in Shanghai. In the course of the summer he visited Corea to see at first hand the wonderful work there, and took Mr. Goforth along with him as his travelling companion. On their return they passed through Manchuria and visited Moukden, spending one Sabbath day there. Mr. Goforth preached to the Christian congregation, and rehearsed something of what they had been privileged to see in Corea. Such was the impression produced that the desire was expressed that he might see his way to come back and conduct a special mission with a view to the quickening of the spiritual life of the Christian community of Moukden. Nothing however was definitely arranged ; in a day or two the travellers left Moukden, and, dropping off at Liaoyang spent a short time there. Without having had an opportunity of speaking to the people of Liaoyang the desire was again expressed that Mr. Goforth might visit Manchuria later in the year, and conduct a series of special meetings for the Chinese Christians. For the first time the thought impressed itself on Mr. Goforth's mind that it might be in the line of duty for him to come. Negotiations were begun, and ended in the Presbytery of Honan generously granting

Mr. Goforth's services to the Church in Manchuria, for the space of two weeks. This time limit was afterwards extended to six weeks. Thus it was that Mr. Goforth came to Manchuria, being *sent* !

Mr. Goforth is a Canadian born. His father was a Yorkshire man and his mother hailed from the north of Ireland. He was educated in Knox College, Toronto, sitting at the feet of the late Principal Cavan. He was the pioneer missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Canada on the mainland of China. For many years that Church had been carrying on a successful mission on the Island of Formosa, but it was only in 1886 that work was begun in China proper, in the province of Honan. During the previous years there had been a wonderful revival of missionary interest and zeal in two of the principal Theological colleges of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and as a result of this movement each of these colleges undertook the support of one missionary for the new field. Mr. Goforth was chosen by his own college as their representative, and arrived in China just twenty years ago. He has thus had the benefit of that kind of training only to be got in pioneer work in a new field, a training which peculiarly fits him for the new role which God in His providence seems to have called him to fill.

In common with all his colleagues he passed through a very trying experience during the Boxer uprising in China. It will be remembered that the Honan missionaries had all to flee for their lives. During a most exciting and perilous journey of over twenty days, the party was attacked by an armed mob, and had a miraculous escape. Some were severely wounded, Mr. Goforth receiving sword cuts on the head. For a whole day and night Mrs. Goforth and he lost trace of their little boy, and had all but given up hope of ever seeing him again. In schools like these he has been taught to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, he has learned patience, forbearance ; tactfulness in dealing with the Chinese, and above all the meaning and power of prayer. During these twenty years in Honan, Mr. Goforth, along with his colleagues have laid the foundations and built up a Christian institution on evangelical lines, having had

as their aim from the first, a self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating church. In all this work Mr. Goforth has had much success. In his evangelistic work he has sought to reach, and laboured to fit himself to reach, not only the illiterate or moderately educated classes who are most susceptible to missionary influence, but the students and scholars of his district, knowing well that in order to bring about the regeneration of the Chinese Empire, the men of influence must be brought into living touch with the redeeming principles of the Christian faith. In all this he has shown a breadth of vision and a sympathetic appreciation of the Christian faith, and apostolic appreciation of the real missionary problem in China, which, together with great and good common sense, knowledge of the Chinese language, literature and people, simple faith, and apostolic zeal, place Mr. Goforth in the front rank of Presbyterian missionaries in the Empire of China.

And his message? It was a simple, plain, old-fashioned one.

To begin with we learned something that was new,—much of it at least,—the story of the Corean Church. We heard of the revival movement through which it has passed, the rapid progress of Christianity in the Hermit Kingdom, the amazing increase of converts, the strength and independence of the churches, the number of schools and colleges, etc., all established within the past few years, and all self-supporting. We soon learned to our cost that the preacher was as well versed in our statistics as in that of the Corean church, and there followed a merciless comparison between the progress there and here during the last decade, a very striking, humbling, damning contrast. He was sorry to disillusion us if we imagined we were doing well, but he had not come to Manchuria to praise up the missions. He asked us to seriously enquire what was the meaning of this extraordinary difference. We could not explain matters by saying that the work had been hindered in Manchuria by long continued unrest, and the turmoil of wars and insurrections. Corea has had her own share of wars and insurrections. Nor was the explanation to be found in the political situation, the bondage of the Corean people, and their galling yoke, driving them to embrace a foreign cult, in the hope that the

Western powers would step in to deliver an oppressed and helpless people. On the other hand the Church has stood out as the leader of anti-revolution, and shown a loyalty to the authorities, and a forbearance under oppression, which has been an example to the whole body of the people.

It is not to these things we must look for an explanation of what has taken place in the Corean Church. "It is not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord."

One has heard it said that in every great revival movement there has been some particular truth on which special emphasis has been laid. Thus in 1859-60 it was "Ye must be born again." In 1870-71 it was "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." The word of Mr. Goforth's message on which the emphasis has rested has been this, "It is not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord." This doctrine, presented in many aspects, iterated and reiterated, amply illustrated, emphasised and pressed home has been the one theme of Mr. Goforth's ministry in Manchuria. He has not dealt in abstract theories about the work of the Holy Spirit. "I speak that I do know and testify that I have seen," is what he seems to say. There is a note of certainty in it all. He says nothing of which in his own mind he is not perfectly sure, and then he says it with all his might. He believes that idolatry and superstition are not the fruits of the Spirit, and he says so. And he equally believes that men who have given up these practices, and have been baptised into the faith of Christ, but who are still living in enmity and hatred, jealousy and suspicion, uncleanness and lasciviousness, falsehood and dishonesty, pride and hypocrisy, worldliness and avarice, that these also are the active opponents of the Spirit of God, and that while these things are cherished and sanctioned in the hearts of the men and the women who name the Name of Christ, there can be no blessing such as has come to the Corean Church. There is no doctrine of the Atonement unfolded. The Cross is not the preacher's theme, though it burns like a living fire in the heart of every address. Neither is there any lurid picture of torment everlasting, held up to strike terror into the hearts of sinners,

I have heard almost every address that Mr. Goforth has given but not once has he spoken of that dread mystery. And that which oppresses the minds and hearts of the penitent is not any thought of future punishment of the wicked. That thought may have been present to them, but seldom has one heard it expressed. Their minds seemed full of the thought of unfaithfulness, of ingratitude to the Lord who had redeemed them, of the heinous sin of trampling on His Love.

Sorrow and grief replace my bliss,
I have no wish that any joy should be,
I have no room for any thought but this
That I have sinned, have sinned, have grieved Thee.

It is this that has pricked them to the heart, moved them to the very depths of their moral being, and caused multitudes "not being able longer to contain," to break out into a lamentable cry,—"God be merciful to me a sinner."

The special mission began in the city of Liaoyang on the 10th of February, and continued there for a week. As I have already stated two of the Liaoyang evangelists had been to Corea. They came back on fire, and on the Sabbath previous to Mr. Goforth's arrival had told the people of what they had heard and seen. During the latter half of Mr. Goforth's visit there was a signal manifestation of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and many were moved to penitence and prayer. The outposts of the mission were subsequently visited by Chinese deputies from Liaoyang, great blessing following them as they went from place to place. On their return to Liaoyang they rehearsed to the congregation there what they had seen in the provinces, and another series of meetings was begun, continuing for a week. The work in the outstations and this second week in Liaoyang are well described in a letter written in English to Mrs. Macintyre of Haicheng, by one of her old pupils, Mr. Lin Yun Sheng, now one of the assistants in the Liaoyang hospital. I cannot do better than quote from this quaint epistle. Mr. Lin writes (I give it *verbatim*):—"The meetings of revival are very interesting. When Mr. Goforth went away from Liaoyang, Mr. Douglas sent some of the evangelists to the other stations to conduct meetings

there. Through the help of the Spirit they did it very well. The effect was so great that all the church-members got roused. Their eyes brightened so they could see the dirt as of a leper all over them. They went up to Jesus one by one, cried for mercy and owned their faults and sins. This great sight even touched the conscience of the outsiders. They knew their burdens were heavy enough to put them to death, but they did not know what to do. So they asked the evangelists if they could be saved. They were told, "Jesus is not partial. He came to the world for nothing but sinners. He is only too pleased to see sinners repent, and will receive every one who cares to yield himself." So they own their sin and become Christians immediately. And when the evangelists came back they thought Liaoyang should have meetings again, so they gathered all the members at the church on Sunday, but there was no effect whatever. On Monday we had other two meetings. The first one was very quiet, but at the second which lasted two hours, just before the meeting was closed, Elder Liu went up to the pulpit. He looked long at the members with great dignity. This made the members give their best attention to him. All waited anxiously for his speech. He said very few words, and then began to weep in very agony, looking so that no one who saw him could bear it. The room was filled with the voice of crying. Many of the members and schoolboys owned their sins. On Tuesday we continued the meetings and the effect was even greater. There were more people who owned their greatest crimes. The meetings on Wednesday were very much the same, but still a great many did not give their greatest burdens to Our Gracious Saviour. On Thursday two outsiders came. It was the first time they had been in church. The first went before the pulpit. He knelt and cried. He said,—“I have much more sin than all the others. I am the chief bad man in my village. I used to persuade my village to go to law with others . . . I will not do anything like this again.” Then he asked all the members to pray for him. So we obeyed and prayed for him. When all had finished he said in a low voice,—“K’o Liao Fu Teh” (it is terrible). I hope he will soon become a Christian.

Another outsider said he was an undutiful son to his parents.

“And now I am not afraid to tell you of one more who has been a Christian for a long time, but he did not do his duty. He too owned his sin. You would have been sorry for him if you had been present for he is a friend of yours. (He then goes into particulars of his fault, showing how he had involved a relative). He was sorry, not only that he had sinned himself, but because his relative had sinned through him. Now you will deny that you have a friend like this, but you have, and he will sign his name at the end of this letter! My dear Mrs. Macintyre, I hope our great Lord will take up my great burden and deliver me. Will you be kind enough to mention my name in your prayers and let me sin no more!”

I must reserve the story of the work in the other cities of Manchuria for another letter.

LETTER VI.

In my last letter I promised to give you some further details of the gracious movement in the other cities and districts of southern Manchuria. Since writing my first letter the wave of spiritual quickening has swept the whole church in the province of Fengtien, and is even now lapping the shores of the province of Kirin, from which I have no doubt you will hear great news by and by.

What I have to say of each district will be brief. They are really all so much alike.

At the close of my last letter I told you of the work in the city of

LIAOYANG

and its outstations. The Rev. George Douglas, the missionary in charge of the United Free Church of Scotland Mission there, further describes the movement as follows.—

“There are manifestations of a profound conviction and confession of sin, accompanied by great emotion, and general pleading for mercy and forgiveness from the whole body of the people, and a sense of responsibility for the heathen around. There are abject confessions of secret idolatry, fraud, theft, adultery, opium smoking, gambling, various forms of deceit, resistance to the Spirit, and indifference to the salvation of souls. These are made before the whole congregation, and in great distress. It has been a most awe-inspiring and humbling experience for us all. Even outsiders have been drawn into the tempest of confession and prayer, and in some cases great fear has fallen on the neighbourhood. “What has come over the Christians?” they say, “Yamen torture could not draw confessions such as these from human lips, and they are respectable people enough.” “Dont go near them”—say others,—“their Spirit has come down, and he is irrisistible! You will be drawn in before you know it!”

KUANGNING

A city west of the Liao, and an important station of the Irish Presbyterian Church Mission. A successful work has been carried on there

during the past fifteen years or more by the Rev. William Hunter and his devoted wife. During the Boxer year the Christians suffered probably in greater measure than anywhere else in Manchuria. Many suffered martyrdom. And nowhere has the divine blessing fallen in richer measure now. In a way the people were more prepared than they were in some places. The longing for times of refreshing was deep, both in the hearts of the missionaries and the people. They knew beforehand about the meetings and had been praying long and earnestly. Besides, such meetings were not new to them. They had been in the habit for years of enjoying such special missions, extending over several days. But never aught like this !

Mr. Goforth began his mission in Kuangning immediately after leaving Moukden. From the many outstations the people came in numbers. During the first few days there was little outward showing, although an ever deepening anxiety was apparent, but about the middle of the week there was a complete and utter break down, Extraordinary scenes of contrition and confession were witnessed. After the Mission closed, elders, evangelists, and volunteers visited all the outposts of the Mission, and the gracious influence spread over the whole district.

Mr. Hunter sends the following interesting notes of the movement in Kuangning and district :—

“ The most striking case to begin with was that of a preacher, who, from his appearance, for several days before he said anything, was in deep sorrow for sin. He broke into prayer, and first prayed God that his wife and children and the relations—to be—of his children then present might not be ashamed. He then went on to say—that he had now been on the brink of hell for several days, and if God did not intervene he would certainly go there soon ; but he also had such a sight of heaven that he could keep quiet no longer. He confessed to betrayal of trust with regard to money confided to his care, to cheating in the matter of not being at his station when he ought to have been, and had reported himself there, and also, adultery. It was when he, in an utterly heart-broken voice, made this last confession, that a wail came from

the women's side—so heart-stricken that soon the whole house was in tears, and many striking on their breasts beseeching pardon. So general was the prayer and crying, that almost no one heard anyone else, and I knew not what anyone said, as I kept moving here and there, among kneeling, agonized people, lest by any means some of them should be injured. Of course I could do little for them; their pain was beyond human help at that time.

“Next morning I rode round six houses of which no member had been present that evening. Nearly all of them had heard, and were preparing to be present early. The normal salutation when I asked them—‘had they heard of last night?’—was ‘Yes! The Lord has come,’ in awed tones. But outside the north gate there was an elder who was not present at either meeting of the previous day. I called on him and found him sick, ‘pained all over,’ and in deep distress. The gate closes at sundown, and no communication whatever had reached him. He was far away from the members, of whom none but himself lived near there. He had been moved somewhat in prayer on the last day he attended the meeting. When I told him what had happened in the church, he exclaimed, ‘*That explains it!*’ He went on to say,—‘last night, just about lamplighting, all my sins seemed to surround me, and stand in my presence, and hell cannot be as bitterly painful! I was in an agony of body and mind. Those around me said ‘it surely cannot be that the elder is possessed with a devil.’ (The only possible explanation to them.) ‘He does not believe in such things.’—His agony continued until he called his son from his house adjoining, and narrating to him the various sums and ways in which he had defrauded people, said,—‘these have to be made good, should we not have a house to live in.’ He was still in deep distress when I saw him, and I comforted him as well as I could from Scripture. But he was not satisfied until he confessed in public what he had said to me in private. The thing that has struck me as of chiefest importance is the fact that, precisely as people have been moved to confession and repentance in Kuangning, so in the outstations, where only native Christians, and they without apparently any qualifications, led, the same results were met with. I was out with

one group, and the certain expectancy of God's work to be immediately done in each particular place was most striking. The men were lifted out of themselves, the speaking was heart to heart, and they felt their souls standing naked in God's sight. The experiences were most striking. In one place a man who had been associated with highway robbers, and had been with them on a raid, being suspected, was arrested, and endured torture for six months, when he was set free with all the other prisoners because of a rumoured approach of Russians to seize the city. During the six months torture he confessed to nothing, but one flash of the divine Spirit of truth's light on his soul revealed to him his lost condition, and he writhed in agony on the floor for a long time. For over an hour afterwards we tried to comfort him by the reading and explanation of the fifty-first Psalm, which we thought suitable, and I think we succeeded.

In another place some soldiers came in to see what the disturbance so late at night was, and finding on enquiry that it was Christians confessing sins, they went in 'to see the fun.' They were not long there until two of their number confessed to murder and similar sins!

In another place one young man lay on the floor, his face covered with his hands all day, and refused to move or speak. He was joined next day by another man who kept him company in the same position. They had both been guilty of the same sin.

These are a few of the most striking of very many cases which might be given.

About the ultimate effect, I do not know. So far, good, undoubtedly. But I had rather wait a year before answering that question. What I am sure of is that it has been an enormous blessing to our district to have its eyes opened. May God continue to bless us."

CHINCHOU.

Another important station of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, a large city on the Chinese railway, midway between Shanhaikuan and Moukden. While the meetings in Kuangning were in progress Mr. Hunter wrote the Rev. John Keers, the missionary in charge of Chinchou, telling him of the wonderful movement.

Mr. Keers at once hurried to Kuangning to see it, taking with him one of his chief helpers. So impressed was he by what he saw and heard that he at once wrote an urgent letter to the Presbytery of Honan, asking that Mr. Goforth might be set free to conduct another three weeks mission in Manchuria. Ultimately through the kindness of the Honan brethren this was arranged and Mr. Goforth came back, beginning the second campaign at Chinchou. The movement in this city is thus graphically described by Mrs. Keers :

“Our meetings began on a Saturday evening when Mr. Goforth gave a short address on the subject of prayer for others. Previous to this for a fortnight we had been holding daily prayer-meetings, asking God’s blessing and the outpouring of His Spirit. On Sunday morning and evening the church was packed, and the revival in Corea was brought vividly before us, and the people seemed much impressed.

On Monday morning after an earnest address on the sins that were spoiling our lives and making us useless as witnesses for Christ, the whole congregation broke down and wept on their knees, calling to God for mercy. After about twenty minutes of sobbing and prayer, some one said,—‘Let us thank God for His mercy to us,’—and we rose and sang,—‘I hear Thy welcome voice.’ Those words had a new meaning to us, as we sang with all our heart and soul,—

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou doest my strength assure,
Thou doest my vileness fully cleanse
Till spotless all and pure,

On the following days—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at the conclusion of each address, when the usual opportunity for prayer was given, many rose and confessed their sins before the whole congregation, and asked the prayers of all present. It was a new and moving sight to see strong men in tears because of sin. Even schoolboys came forward, crying and confessing sins of swearing, fighting, stealing and gambling. Until this time only three or four women had the courage to speak out before all and confess their sins, though every day the sound of weeping and prayer was quite general among them. One woman,

formerly a Bible-woman, confessed that she had never led any one to Christ, also that she had not taught her own children, also that she had not brought in any of her relations to Christ's fold. On Saturday Mr. Goforth left us, but our meetings went on as usual, twice that day, the time being occupied almost entirely in confession and prayer. The evening meeting was one of the most powerful we had. One young man, well known in the city, rose to make his confession, and he could scarcely get the words out for sobbing. A neighbour tried to get him to sit down, and an elder suggested that we should all pray for him but he said,—‘take your time, I must get it all out,’—and then he reviewed his past life in God's sight. He told of having been four years at St John's College in Shanghai and during that time he had only attended church a few times; also that when in Shanghai he had tasted of the sins of dissipation and evil living. Then gathering strength as he proceeded, he asked the congregation—had any of them seen his father at these meetings? His family, he said, had indeed a name to live and were dead. His wife, an earnest Christian woman, had often exhorted him to keep the Sabbath, but he had not listened to her. The congregation all went on their knees and prayed for him. That evening our meeting lasted from 4.30 p.m. till 8. p.m. Next day (Sunday) was Communion, and it was with difficulty we could get seats for all who crowded in. The very peace of God seemed to be among us. It was as if our sins had been washed away, and we could sit down at the table of our Lord. The Sunday evening service was one of thanksgiving, and many testimonies were given by both men and women, to the great blessing they had received. On Monday eight men gave in their names as willing to go to the outstations and tell of the wonderful manifestations of the Holy Spirit's power. They were divided into four groups, and at the end of the fortnight they returned praising God for all His goodness, and reporting similar scenes of weeping, and confession of sin, and turning to God. There was no foreigner with them, and wherever they went God used them mightily. This has greatly strengthened their faith, and they return to their homes with added zeal and power. One

special confession made by very many, was, that they had done nothing to bring their families to Christ. As soon as the meetings were over, we began a campaign of visiting in these families in Chin-chou, and three women, and four schoolgirls offered to help. A daily prayer-meeting is held in both school and hospital, and prayer has now a new meaning to us. We find a difficulty in getting the meeting closed, for all want to pray. At this meeting night after night the schoolgirls broke down confessing their sins, and often we all wept together. There is now a new spirit of love and service in both hospital and school. From the boys' school, on Sunday afternoon, five or six of the boys go out with the teacher (a young man who got a great blessing) and they preach on the streets and sell books. We do indeed thank God for lives cleansed and made new to serve Him, and our prayer is that all Manchuria, and all China may share in the blessing, and become indeed a Christian nation."

It was my privilege to be present at the meetings at Chin-chou at the end of the week and to take part in that wonderful Communion. It seemed, as one looked over the crowd of faces on Saturday night, as if not one had been passed by. Old men of three score and ten, boys from the school, the women and girls,—all seemed to have shared alike in the pain and the joy of it. It was most touching to see the boys, utterly broken-hearted, rise one after the other, walk forward to the front, and in face of the whole congregation, sob out their faults and failings. It was too pathetic for words! Once I heard the sounds of very great distress in a particular part of the church, and, on going over, found two men on their knees, facing each other and weeping bitterly. One said,—“It was my fault, all my fault. I have wronged you, forgive me, forgive me!” The other, smiting his breast avowed, “No: it was my fault, all my fault. You must forgive me!” And they wept together. Mr. Keers came up. “Its all right!” he whispered; “*two brothers, long estranged, reconciled!*”

“ It was at Chinchou ”—writes Dr. Walter Phillips of Newchwang—“ that I first came in touch with the Revival. Meetings had been going on for a week, hence I was ushered into the heart of things unprepared, and, I must in candour add, with a strong tempermental prejudice against ‘ revival hysteria ’ in all its forms, so that mine is at least impartial testimony.

At once on entering the church one was conscious of something beyond the common. The place was crowded with members from all over the district, and tense, reverent attention sat on every face. The very singing was vibrant with new joy and vigour. The opening prayer was scarce ended when a voice from the audience took up the strain, not in the old stereotyped phrases, but in faltering, broken words, direct from the heart. Another and another followed in eager exercise of the new found power, sometimes two or three joining in at once, till a hymn was given out to stop the unceasing stream. Then came an address, vivid enough, yet not out of the ordinary, telling how one cold and almost hopeless congregation after another in the Moukden district broke down before the zeal and prayer of the voluntary workers who visited them. Ordinary words said I, but the need and destitution they spoke of seemed to strike home to the listeners, as a description of the desperate need of their own awakened hearts. The people knelt for prayer, silent at first, but soon one here, and another there, began to pray aloud. The voices grew and gathered volume and blended into a great wave of united supplication that swelled till it was almost a roar, and died down again into an undertone of weeping. Now I understood why the floor was so wet,—it was wet with pools of tears ! The very air seemed electric—I speak in all seriousness—and strange thrills coursed up and down one’s body. Then above the sobbing, in strained choking tones, a man began to make public confession. Words of mine will fail to describe the awe and terror and pity of these confessions. It was not so much the enormity

of the sins disclosed, or the depths of iniquity sounded, that shocked one. The faults of some were venial enough, yet the remorse of these newly tender consciences was as keen as that of greater offenders. It was the agony of the penitent, his groans and cries, and voice shaken with sobs; it was the sight of men forced to their feet, and in spite of their struggles impelled, as it seemed, to lay bare their hearts that moved one and brought the smarting tears to one's own eyes. Never have I experienced anything more heart-shaking, more nerve-racking than the spectacle of those souls stripped naked before their fellows. It seemed to violate the privacy of the being, to outrage every instinct of the individual, and yet those who were most racked and torn by their emotions, once they had made a clean breast of their sins, seemed to find peace, and their faces shone with an ecstasy their streaming eyes could not belie. So for hour after hour it went on, till the strain was almost more than the onlooker could bear. Now it was a big strong farmer grovelling on the floor, smiting his head on the bare boards as he wailed unceasingly "Lord! Lord!" Now a shrinking woman in a voice scarce above a whisper, now a wee laddie from the school, with tears streaking his piteous grimy little face, as he sobbed out,— "I cannot love my enemies,"— "Last week I stole a farthing from my teacher,"— "I am always fighting and cursing—" "I beseech the pastor, elders, and deacons to pray for me." And then again would swell that wonderful deep organ tone of united prayer. And ever as the prayer sank again the ear caught a dull underflow of quiet sobbing, of desperate entreaty from men and women, who, lost to their surroundings, were wrestling for peace."

SINMINFU

After leaving Chinchou Mr. Goforth went to Sinminfu, another of the Irish Mission stations, west of the Liao. The Rev. John

Omelvena, the missionary in charge, writing a few days after the mission began, tells of an extraordinary movement. On the third day of the meetings the congregation of over four hundred was swept off its feet in a whirlwind of contrition and confession. At the close of the mission Mr. Omelvena writes,—
“We have had a great time. On Friday and Saturday prayer and confession went on for seven hours. All the boys and girls of the school have spoken. The women also have made a stand.”

FAKUMEN

Seventy miles northwest of Moukden another of the Irish Mission stations under the charge of the Rev. F.S.W. O' Neill. It was found impossible for Mr. Goforth to go there but two of the Liaoyang men were sent at Mr. O' Neill's urgent request. The results are graphically described in a letter from Mr. O' Neill :—

“The Revival in the Fakumen district began at the end of March with the preaching of Licentiate Chang and Evangelist Li of Liaoyang. Indeed one of the remarkable features of the movement here has been the agency of Chinese preachers, to whose work, almost entirely, under God, the quickening has been due. The method of these two missionaries was to tell the story of the Revival in North Corea, as well as in the Liaoyang circuit and in Moukden. It was brought out very prominently that Corea had been blessed through the humility and prayerfulness of her people. Poorer by far than the Chinese, more primitive in business and agriculture, with far less ability and fewer resources, the Coreans had leaped ahead in the Christian race. Out of their extreme poverty they support four hundred preachers in the Pingyang district alone. They build churches and fill them to overflowing. The street on the Sunday is like a temple fair, with the crowds trooping to the different places of worship. Temples are falling into decay through neglect. In the absence of litigants, yamens have little work to do. Nor is this mighty ingathering due merely to the loss of political power since the advent of the conquering Japanese. The work is spiritual and real.

“Such in part was the story told by the licentiate Chang. But strange to say, the Holy Spirit seemed to stop short at the Yalu river. Coming back from Corea into Manchuria, one breathed quite a colder and more humdrum church atmosphere. Now however things were changed. Incidents of the awakening in East Moukden and in the villages round Liaoyang revealed the power of God in our very midst. Pastor Chen of Chinchiatun gave now and then a solid Scripture basis for the renewal of spiritual life. Soon the prayers which had been ascending for some time previous began to receive their answer. The first to show deep concern was one of our best Christians, Mrs. Martha Chang, the west girls’ school-teacher. She wept when praying to be forgiven for neglect of the people of her home. No one who knew her exemplary life could fail to be touched by her words. Later on she broke out in a passion of importunate petition for her husband’s brother, a prodigal who had been prevailed on to come. She stamped her feet and cried to God over and over again for his immediate conversion. In a short time the answer came. The prodigal turned to the Father for pardon, weeping with bitter tears.

Martha’s father, an evangelist, was the next to be touched. He had appropriated the church’s money, had broken the seventh commandment, had failed in his duty to the Master. In token of repentance he promised to give up the use of tobacco and to subscribe a tenth of his income to the Lord. His daughter gave a heavy pair of silver bracelets and though she had formerly been subscribing one-tenth now agreed to make the Lord’s share the first claim on her salary. While many men broke down, the women were on the whole more powerfully moved. A young girl dispenser in the Women’s Hospital, who hitherto has been a pattern for enthusiasm and self-sacrifice admitted having broken a clinical thermometer and having told the doctor a lie about it. She had a relative in the hospital for treatment, for whom she prayed and then at once went off to bring her along to the meeting. The girl, from her large salary of six shillings a month promised to offer to the Lord one half. Still further did her devotion carry her. She

had long made up her mind to remain single the better to serve her Master. Now she added the curious wish, that when she died, her body might help the cause of science by being used for dissection.

One young woman almost refused to receive comfort from the prayers and singing, so bitterly did she mourn her evil habit of reviling her mother-in-law.

An able ex-evangelist, among his other transgressions, gave us a shock by confessing the crime of murder, while his brother, who though illiterate is one of the best men in the congregation, admitted the same awful sin, and added that in the Boxer year he had lent a hand in looting the town. A young man, not previously remarkable for his zeal, became so concerned for his father, school-teacher and a Christian, that he took a walk of ten miles or so and brought his father in to the meeting. The latter at first scorned the idea of public confession, but the very next day he was down on his knees asking for pardon for sins of the flesh, and for gambling away his inheritance. He offered to serve the Lord under the Church's orders without pay.

On the sixth day the climax occurred. Never had such a scene been witnessed or even dreamt of. The audience of three hundred to four hundred were suddenly swept away by a torrent of weeping, passionate and deep. God alone could hear the heartfelt cries. Many, who had already received pardon and peace, were pouring out their ardent prayers on behalf of the unsaved. All at once the thirty odd schoolboys were seized by a wave of feeling. Jumping up on the forms, some besought and implored the unbelievers standing around to repent of their sins and seek the Saviour forthwith. Inside and outside the church there was such a crowd as had never once been thought possible in Fakumen. Altogether it was estimated that perhaps a thousand were present. A strange and wonderful awakening—the Church moved to its very depths—the town ringing with the news of the descent of the Spirit.

Before the close of the Fakumen meeting our two missionaries went off with Paster Chen to his congregation at Chinchiatun. At first the coldness of the religious atmosphere was de-

pressing. The ground seemed too stony to bear fruit, but the change came, and then what an upheaval! The outward physical manifestations were more extraordinary than anything hitherto experienced. A member fell back from his seat unconscious, and remained so for a considerable time. Even after a partial unburdening of his guilt, his face was still the colour of ashes, and not till he had confessed that in earlier life, before coming in contact with Christianity, he had committed murder five times as well as other awful breaches of God's Law did he obtain peace. This man is a respectable and educated practitioner of medicine who had been a teacher of the Church school. His worst enemy could not have imagined him guilty of such fearful crimes. Small wonder the inner compulsion to wrench himself free from the past should have had peculiar bodily effects! Nor was this an isolated occurrence. Five others, including a young woman of doubtful reputation, not belonging to the Church, at different times fell down unconscious, or as if in pain. But in each case a full confession of sin brought instant relief.

In order that no outstation, however small, should miss the opportunity of blessing, we arranged for a series of meetings in each of the twelve places. Our elder, Chang, assisted by five or six evangelists spent a month or so in the ten nearer outstations, I visited each place either during or about the time of the services. In the two furthest outstations Pastor Chen did the greater part of the work. It is truly wonderful that *not one station failed to show visible evidences of the Holy Spirit's Power*. In Chengchiatun (about eight miles north of Fakumen) the members had enlarged their place of worship so that perhaps four hundred could crush into it. Day by day the hall was crowded within and without, the bulk of the listeners being non-Christians. For some days, though the men of the congregation had been deeply stirred, the women appeared to have hardly been influenced. The deacons requested us to pray specially for the women. The same evening the women and girls were so broken down that even after the meeting ended their weeping could still be heard.

At thanksgiving service many valuable gifts were handed in or promised—jewellery, money,

disused silver opium boxes, land. One man vowed to give about £15 and a piece of land away in the northwest colony. Many promises were made of time to be devoted to evangelizing.

Concerning this Revival with which God has graciously blessed us in the Fakumen district, the following general remarks may be made:—

(1) As already mentioned, the instruments used by the Spirit have been Chinese preachers, through whose means the work was begun, and for the most part carried on. One can't be too thankful that THE DAY OF THE WESTERNER'S ECLIPSE HAS ALREADY DAWNED.

(2) While the admission of non-Christians to such meetings is open to objection, still it is a very striking fact that heathen listeners were now and then moved to repentance. One young man in Fakumen called out anxiously beseeching us to enrol him as an enquirer. In Tungchiang-tze a complete stranger came to the front and throwing himself on the floor with convulsive sobs told the broken story of his guilt.

(3) With regard to results one of the most encouraging is the change in the evangelists themselves. A new power in prayer, a new grip in preaching, more zeal and more love—their eyes have seen the King in His beauty. The foundation of the whole work has been in prayer, solitary prayer on hillsides or in fields, united spontaneous petition of the whole congregation, prayer untaught by man, simple, insistent, trustful.

Many a leader, and many a member of the rank and file, has learned afresh to pray, and a new joy and peace have taken possession of their hearts. Again a new spirit of evangelism has appeared amongst us. Groups of men or boys have gone out to the streets to preach or to adjacent villages, women to the homes of friends—'to compel them to come in that My House may be filled!'

One day at the prayer-meeting a schoolboy sadly complained that passing along the street, he had heard a man saying to his neighbour,— 'Do you see that boy? He is mad!' He was referring to the boy's strange conduct in preaching enthusiastically at the street corner. Then

we all lifted up our voices and thanked God that any of us should thus be counted worthy to follow in our Saviour's steps. 'LET US THEREFORE GO FORTH UNTO HIM WITHOUT THE CAMP BEARING HIS REPROACH.' "

HAILUNGCHENG.

A station of the United Free Church Mission, 100 miles east of Kaiyuan. The resident missionaries are Rev. W. MacNaughtan, and Dr. W. Young, with their wives. It is a wide field, opened to colonization within recent years and fast becoming a populous and prosperous region. Work has more or less been carried on during the past eighteen years, receiving a great impulse twelve years ago through the influence of a remarkable man, 'Blind Chang,' known as the Apostle of Manchuria, who was martyred in 1900.

Mr. MacNaughtan writes the following graphic account of the movement in this district :—

" Many signs of new life and progress in the church here came to encourage us this winter. One congregation had called its own pastor, and over a hundred Christians had pledged themselves to seek to lead, at least, one soul to Christ in the year, and contribute ten cents per month to the support of new agents. All was going well, and we were prepared to give a glowing account of the condition of the church, and the zeal of most of the evangelists. Little did we know what lay beneath the surface !

The Revival came to us with the revealing power of the Judgment Day. It was the awful experience of the Opened Books and the Recording Angel ! On that first afternoon when the fountains were broken up we saw hell as it were opened in our midst, and witnessed the agony of torn souls. Every life was weighed in the balances and found wanting, and against the lives of some stood the grossest crimes.

Our two deputies to the revival, Pastor Yao and Mr. Sung, had returned, their faces ablaze with new fire, and humbled to the dust with a sense of their own sins. The audience, thronging the meeting place, were awed by the testimony of these men, and felt the power

which thrilled from them. The crash came on the third evening. There was nothing sensational in the quiet, earnest address which was being given. Some of the audience were finding it dull and had gone to sleep. Suddenly a young man at the side rose to his feet, and raising his hands above his head gave a gasping cry, and fell heavily to the floor, where he lay struggling and gasping for breath. Hysteria! thought I, nonplussed, with a grip of annoyance at my heart. At the same moment a gust of wind drove open a window with a loud bang. 'The Holy Spirit has come'—shouted an evangelist, and the whole audience fell on their faces, loudly crying for mercy. In a few moments the prayers became the frantic cries of souls in agony and terror. Madness lay that way!

'Pastor stop the prayers'—said a man in my ear. He had had experience of such scenes in other places. We sang again and again the chorus of the hymn—'What can wash away my sin,' and at last in some measure the excitement was brought under control. Three sobbing helpless beings still lay prostrate on the floor, incapable of speech and unable to stand. Supported by others they were brought forward—the young man above mentioned and two women. To my inexperienced eyes they appeared to be cases for the doctor rather than for the confessional. One of the women especially, in a state of utter physical collapse, was wailing in a peculiar weird chant with which inarticulate words were mixed.

'She is in violent hysterics'—I told Pastor Yao, 'and should be taken out till she is calmer and can understand what is said to her.' He looked at me for a moment, not liking to contradict me, and then said,—'It is like this everywhere! That woman has been a spirit-dancer, and when she confesses she will gain perfect peace.' I felt then that for me with my Western civilized experiences it was 'hands off' lest peradventure I be found fighting against God. My colleague, Dr. Young, felt as I did. It is getting 'black' said he, referring to the wild agony of some,—'light the lamps and stop the meeting.' He was afraid some of them would go mad. At last by holding

their hands firmly and speaking gently to them they regained some measure of self-control and sobbed out their confessions. The sorceress had come to school a fortnight before, no one could understand why. It transpired later that she expected help in a lawsuit. Thus when the spirit came to her she was practically a heathen. Next day the radiant peace upon her face was something wonderful to see.

The other woman was a piteous case. She had come recommended by Pastor Yao as a possible Bible-woman, and had just begun her course of training. She had been married at sixteen, married to an imbecile, and had been led astray. 'I never was taught anything but evil, evil all my life,' the poor penitent sobbed. Other women too made terrible confessions. One cried bitterly,—'I was left without a morsel of food in the house.'

Surely it was like the Judgement Day! The sins of the night and the secret places were dragged to the light, and, like evil spirits leaving a man, they threw him on the ground and rent him. Our innocent-faced house-boy whom we thought so good, was not only an adulterer but a murderer. He had poisoned his wife! A sobbing, broken man gasped out that he had killed two men! Yet another confessed to the brutal murder of a nephew!

The schoolboys all lay with their faces to the ground, sobbing piteously, many of them so collapsed that we had them taken outside. But shortly afterwards before the whole meeting had dispersed the teacher came to me saying that the boys were all weeping and wished to confess. He brought them in, and there the poor little fellows with tear-stained faces knelt before the platform, and I spoke of Him who carried the lambs and said 'fear not, little flock!'

'Do you repent of all your sins?'

'Yes'! was the vehement reply sobbed out by all. 'Then listen to what Jesus says to you—'Son, thy sins are forgiven you.'

'Do you give your hearts to Jesus?'—With an eager affirmative they claimed Him as their Master and Lord.

That night we went home with shaken nerves. For that night at least the joy in the

remedy was all swallowed up in the hideousness of the disease revealed. Some did not dare to sleep that night. Others awoke screaming from terrible dreams and cried for some one to pray for them. The marks of the night were upon almost every face next morning. Some were radiant with new-found joy, others looked white and drawn from a night of terror and anguish.

It was thus that the Spirit worked. I question how many could remember any detail of the addresses. But the sense of sin awakened at the meeting deepened through the night till the burden became intolerable. I never saw anything like it. One man for whom we were all praying was resisting the Spirit. Day by day his face became more ghastly, till I felt that for him the option was between confession or insanity. It was the judgment seat they stood before. Not one seemed to find peace in private confession. In this matter advice or opinion were of no avail. The burden was not got rid of till it was laid down publicly. Each morning weary, burdened souls waited for the opening of the meeting, and regardless of all else, interrupting speaking, prayer or hymn, they poured out their bitterness at the foot of the Cross. A confession stopped all proceedings, and was received by a kneeling congregation, who then prayed with united voice for the brother or sister who had just spoken.

Our leading deacon—Mr. F.—a man whom I thought eligible for the eldership—after the first two meetings could stand it no longer, and stayed away. He dared not face the ignominy of confession. But from his conscience there was no escape. The day could be faced but not the dark loneliness of night. His burden grew, till it rendered him desperate. At a Christian's home, where he was calling, he was asked to lead in prayer. He could not. His response was to burst into an agony of tears, and startle that little company by his confession of secret impurity. His words melted the hearts of all, and they too confessed, and were all filled with the Spirit. Amongst them was a non-Christian, a merchant in this town. Though he understood nothing of what was meant in theory he was nevertheless swept into the tide of the Spirit, and with bitter weeping confessed his sins.

The Shanghai Centenary Conference, in its enquiries, elicited the fact that instantaneous conversions, in the true sense, at the first hearing of the Gospel were practically unknown in China. This man is one of a great number in this district who have experienced a 'thaumaturgic' conversion at these meetings.

The deepest work of grace has been done among the evangelists. Some of them have been taken up to the Mount of Transfiguration, and have learned the lessons of victorious prayer. On my way to our Conference at Newchwang I passed early one morning through a village where three of them were conducting revival meetings. I wished to see them and hear their news before I passed on. Many of the congregation had already gathered together, but the evangelists were not there. The people pointed to a little hilltop not far off and said,— 'They go there to pray every morning for several hours.' When they came down from their oratory to see me they wist not that their faces shone! Of these men two had been a source of anxiety to me only a few weeks before. One of them had insulted me because I had refused to help to deliver the Church from an unjust tax which a new magistrate was levying on heathen and Christians alike. He and two deacons followed me for three days on my return from a long journey, causing me as much annoyance as they could till by the grace of God they were led to the meetings here. For a week he stood out proud and bitter. He met my greetings with a frown, but in the end he capitulated. With cool, steady voice and half defiant attitude he stood up and told his terrible story. 'Pride' was his enemy. He had so ill-used his first wife, that she committed suicide. He cursed and beat his second wife, who eventually died. 'My present wife at times I still curse and beat.' He hated me for my refusal to help in that law plea, and represented that I had lied to them about it. He asked my pardon and the prayers of the congregation in still the same bold voice. Need I say that the congregation, under such a man, had languished almost to death. Later he went to Mopanshan where the next meetings were held, and there he got a great overflowing

blessing, which made him a channel of the Spirit's power to other places also.

The other evangelist had sobbed out his confession as I held his hand only ten days before. In the station where I had last placed him he had fallen into grievous sin. Now there was a freshness and bloom of joy in his face—in all their faces—which smote me suddenly with the sense of my own lack.

Of another evangelist I had the highest hopes. He was nephew to 'Blind Chang,' the Apostle of Manchuria, and inherited much of his uncle's zeal and many of his gifts. At one meeting he was smitten to the floor, and lay there for over ten minutes utterly incapable. When at last he was roused and could speak he gasped out—'I have seen Jesus.' His uncle before he died had left him his prophetic mantle. But all these years he had been planning to kill his uncle's murderers. They were the leading men of his own village, and had never been called to account for that shocking murder of the old blind man.

'Do you forgive your enemies'? asked Pastor Yao. He stood silent. This, surely, was more than could be expected. A friendly Christian rose and went over to where he stood.

'I want to help you,' said he, 'and I will do all I can to help you. Forgive them!' Still there was silence, and many silent prayers were offered that Jesus would gain the victory. It was a moment heavy with destiny for him. Defeat, and his life would be cast to the void. Victory, and a new hero would be gained to God's army.

'I forgive them,' he said, very quietly. Then the power of a new vision broke upon him. He would seek Christian revenge.

'Pray for these men all of you, that they may be saved; and pray for me that I may be given the victory over myself and them.'

'I shall first write to them,' he continued, 'and tell them of my forgiveness and hopes, and then at the earliest opportunity visit them, and plead with them to repent and be saved.'

Only those who know Chinese life and Confucian morals can estimate the value of this miracle.

Many strange things have happened during these days. Visions have been seen and dreams have been dreamed. One man suddenly stricken to the ground, when at last he could speak, said he had seen a ball of fire bursting in the middle of the room. Still more strange were the psychophysical phenomena manifested by some. An enquirer ten miles from Mopanshan was plowing his field, unconscious of the fact that meetings were being held. That morning a strange unrest troubled him, for which he could not account. Tears kept welling up in his eyes, and he could not see what he was doing. He was compelled to stop work, and resolved that he would go to town and ask the pastor what was wrong with him. On his arrival he found the great gathering already assembled inside and outside of the building, and that same day he received a new baptism from above and told his strange story.

A heathen carter who had driven his master to the meetings was standing outside the open windows listening to the proceedings. He became strangely uneasy and retired quietly to lie down on his cart. But his agitation became more violent, and he rolled backwards and forwards in agony till his condition attracted the attention of the bystanders. He thought that he had been taken suddenly with some strange disease and desired treatment and advice. The Christians assured him that it was no disease, only an awakened conscience. In fear and trembling he confessed his sins and immediately found relief.

Another heathen smitten in the same way, took a large dose of medicine, which only made him sick. In perplexity he returned for help, and was led to confess his sins, when he at once found peace.

Another man, not a Christian, was suddenly stabbed in his conscience, and became violent. He tore himself with his nails, and bumped his head on the ground, till the blood came, and for the space of a full hour he opened wide his mouth and bellowed. His voice carried far down the street, and caused no little commotion. He had to be removed to another room, where, after, over an hour he recovered, and came in cheerfully to confess and testify to a new birth.

In the town of Mopanshan a great work was done amongst the heathen. Ninety-six individuals entered their names as enquirers before the end of the week. A strange heterogeneous lot they were whom the net of the Kingdom had enclosed. One woman confessed to having been a highway robber. A man interrupted Mr. Sung's address. 'Behead me, behead me,' said he. 'This is no place, for beheading,' was the reply. 'I'm a Boxer,' said he; 'I've persecuted your people, burned your houses and killed you!' Then he fell on his face and wept aloud, whilst all present knelt in prayer for him.

'Who is sufficient for these things?' Generally speaking where men were more advanced in knowledge and experience of Christianity the phenomena were more inward and spiritual, but where the ignorant and heathen were involved, they became outward and physical.

The revelation of sin came to us all with a shock of surprise. Scarcely one had even a moderately clean record. What then had Christianity done for these men? Many began their confession by saying 'What happened before my conversion need not be mentioned, but even since then I have done so and so.' (Many of the sins confessed were pre-Christian.) They still fell back at times into the mud,—formerly they delighted to wallow in it.

It is too soon to speak of results. We are in the midst of a great movement of the King of Glory across the path of his people's hearts to the multitudes of China. The valleys of ignorance are being filled up, and the mountains of pride are being laid low. The crooked falseness is being made straight, and the barbaric roughness made smooth, and in the end '*All flesh shall see the Salvation of God.*' "

YUNGLING

This is one of the stations of the United Free Church of Scotland Mission, 120 miles east of Moukden, under the charge of the Rev. H. W. Pullar, now on furlough. Dr. Liu Chih

Hsueh, son of the Moukden minister, and to whom frequent reference has been made in previous letters, has given himself up, for a time at least, to the work of a medical evangelist. He is one of Dr. Christie's old students, a capable surgeon, a devoted Christian, and one of the most delightful Chinamen one has ever met. Dr. Christie, hearing of his purpose, provided him with the necessary medical outfit, and a month ago he left Moukden to visit the eastern cities of Yungling and Hsinpinpu, where the fires of persecution and martyrdom raged so fiercely in 1900.

In a letter to his father he tells of a most remarkable movement in the city of Yungling. After the third day it seems to have been a repetition of all that has been already told—convictions, confessions, broken and contrite hearts, rejoicing in the Lord, offerings laid upon the altar. He met Mr. MacNaughtan, and a further series of meetings has been arranged. Mr. MacNaughtan writing of the whole of the eastern region says,—“Every place is ripe. At each station, although we met for only one day, the Spirit's presence was manifest in confession and tears. Dr. Liu has done splendid work at Yungling. The people are filled with joy and new life. Some non-Christians even have been converted in the true old style.”

In addition to the trying work of revival meetings the doctor has been seeing patients at the average rate of a hundred daily. Last Sabbath evening, when his letter was read out in church, one rose and asked who would volunteer to go to the assistance of Dr. Liu in this great work? Immediately two men jumped up and shouted,—“I will go! I will go!” So a further supply of medicine has been provided, and one of the elders, along with a hospital student, has gone to this distant outpost to help.

HAICHENG

This station of the United Free Church of Scotland will always be associated with the name of its founder, the late loved and revered Rev. John Macintyre. We were fortunate in getting Mr. Goforth to give a week's mission here, with results in all respects similar to those following the evangelist in other centres. Some seemed

as if suddenly stricken down, and they cried aloud in very agony. The leading men, elders, evangelists, deacons, as well as the body of the members, shared in the blessing. The women and girls also got a great uplift. Towards the end of the week, head ornaments, some of great value, bracelets, watches, and money, poured into the treasury. Offers of voluntary service were also made, and these men have gone with their new message to all the outstations, and doubtless they too will share in the joy of it.

NEWCHWANG

Here the gospel of grace was first preached in Manchuria, at least by Protestant missionaries. The first evangelist—Rev. William Chalmers Burns, laboured here, prayed here with extraordinary fervour, here he died, and here, within the little foreign cemetery, is his grave.

The Irish Mission has been established here for the past well nigh forty years, and the gospel has been preached in its streets continuously, year in and year out, by the missionary in charge, Rev. James Carson, with rare fidelity, and in the face of many discouragements. It is a port town, with a floating population, and hard soil to work upon. Mr. Carson had gone home on furlough shortly before the meetings, but before leaving he had the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Goforth would be able to hold a mission in Newchwang. It was the last of this most wonderful series, the last, and, in some respects—!

But I must leave my esteemed friend, Dr. Walter Phillips, who has charge of the Mission Hospital at Newchwang, to tell the story.

“There has been a great shaking among the dry bones,” writes Dr. Phillips. To describe or estimate accurately what we have experienced during the past week is not easy. The signs of movement and life came early, on the first meetings held by Mr. Hunter on Friday and Saturday, prior to Mr. Goforth’s coming. To begin with, there was an unexpectedly large audience considering the lateness of the season, some two hundred people, sixty to eighty of whom came from the outstations. The reports from Kuangning and Sinminfu by the delegates from these

places strongly affected the people. Those extraordinary outbursts of earnest united prayer occurred early. Even on Friday there were confessions. On Saturday the movement spread. By the evening the people were weeping in concert. With Mr. Goforth's beginning on Sunday the evidences of life were still more marked. After the first address we had a terrible scene with Mr. Liu, a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who fell on the floor, screaming and praying, and sobbing out a whole catalogue of crimes. After that it was the deluge. I was only present at the afternoon meetings, so I can not speak for what took place in the mornings. It was terrifying, heartrending ! The results are all right, but the process !

Such confessions ! Every sin in the decalogue. Elders, agents, members, enquirers, wept and sobbed, and threw themselves on the ground, and knocked their heads and called aloud for mercy, till one's very soul thrilled within one. There were not wanting proofs of genuine contrition, in the offering of money and service that came in. Into these there is no need to go. I suppose they were much the same as elsewhere. Proportionately to their numbers the outstations were more moved. I don't know how it all happens. Mr. Goforth's message is certainly direct enough. I imagine that the reports given from other places—Corea to Haicheng may, to an extent, act as suggestions. But the strong emotion displayed is certainly not the direct outcome of anything said. Still the pointblank certainty of an enthusiast like Mr. Goforth is infectious. There is no doubt or hesitation about his beliefs, and his matter of fact exposition appeals to the Chinese mind. The audience get to feel the same as the preacher, feel to the fullest the urgency and danger of their position, have brought home to them the redeeming love of Christ, outside Whom is no salvation ! It is all so real. No abstractions or philosophising. Criticism is disarmed. The power of the man, the results of his appeal, confound all questioning. One can only accept the effects with gratitude, even if one still wishes that the process of attainment were not so soul and mind racking.

There were a good many women present, and they were mightily stirred. Fortunately Dr.

Mitchell* was there to look after them, else I don't know what we should have done. There was a pitiful scene with little Mrs. Chen, who sobbed as if her heart would break. I am not very impressionable, but the tears came even into my eyes. And the wee laddies from the school! It was pitiful to see the wee chaps rise up and tell their faults.—‘I stole a *tung tze*’ (cent) ‘I always *ma rin* (curse)’ ‘I don’t like studying,’—while that wonderful man beamed on them! Young and old they were all alike.

What the permanent results may be time alone can show. But these people, at the very least, can never be as they were. They are separated from their past by a sea of fire. Meantime seventeen workers have gone out to the nine outstations in four bands, to describe their experience, and preach this new gospel of confession and peace. Very enthusiastic they are, and certainly they have got something new to tell. And the members who could not themselves go subscribed fifty dollars, apart from all previous subscriptions, to help pay the expenses of the mission.”

Dr. Phillips story needs no comment. One can not but feel sorry that the veteran missionary, Mr. Carson, was not there to see. For thirty-five long years he has been hammering away at that rock, and no sooner is his back turned than another comes, and with one stroke,—the thirty-five years hammering at last succeeds in rending the rock asunder. It is the last stroke that tells. “And herein is the saying true, one soweth an another reapeth.”

* A lady doctor in Fakumen Station

LETTER VII.

APRIL 30th.

In this concluding letter I propose to give the impressions of a few of my colleagues here with regard to the movement within the Moukden Mission, and of its immediate fruits in their particular departments.

Rev. T. C. Fulton of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, West Moukden, writes as follows :—

“ In Mr. Goforth’s second week in Moukden, when the two congregations agreed to meet together in the east church, he was accompanied by Messrs. Hu and Chang of Liaoyang, who had but recently returned from a visit to Corea to see something of the great revival that has been going on there for over a year. To the coming of these two men, even more than to Mr. Goforth, I attribute very much of the success of these fine meetings. I will not readily forget the first time I heard them relate the wonderful things they had seen and heard in Corea. Their manner of speaking was quiet, but their whole appearance and tone, and gesture even, were awe-inspiring, and they made one feel that eternal things were awfully real to them, so real indeed that they would not have thought it in the least strange if there and then the Spirit of God had descended as at Pentecost. No sooner had I said to myself, in glad surprise,—‘Here is something in Chinese Christian life I have never touched before,’ than the audience appeared to think the same thought. It was wonderful to see the enraptured gaze that sat upon the faces of the hearers. Their eyes were fixed intently on the face of the speaker, but he was only one of themselves, and yet to them the voice came from the inner sanctuary. Hitherto I have had a horror of hysterics and emotional in religion, and the first outburst of grief from some men who prayed displeased me exceedingly. I did not know what was behind it all. Eventually however it became quite clear that nothing but the mighty Spirit of God was working in the hearts of men. As man after man and woman after woman poured out their hearts in agonizing grief and heart-rending cries an awful solemnity seemed to pervade the place. The Judge was on the throne, and human hearts pleaded for mercy

they acknowledged they did not deserve. What extraordinary confessions of sin were made, public and detailed and tragic ; in one sense very humiliating, and painful, and disappointing to listen to, especially when taken in connection with some of the prominent ones who made them ; yet in another sense, very pleasing and cheering, indicating that at last these men and women had found themselves and God. As these men and women stood or knelt in prayer, confessing the sins into which they had fallen they did not seem to care a jot for what their fellow-men thought of them, if only they could gain the ear of God and get rid of the awful burden of sin. From the strange broken speech of many it was evident that they had never prayed before ; but how desperately in earnest they were ! They could not wait for one another to finish, for their hearts were full and sin was crushing beyond endurance, and mercy might not linger long enough. Before one ceased to pray another would begin, then several, and eventually practically the whole audience at once would besiege the throne of mercy, appealing audibly either for themselves or for others. Such violence at God's throne of grace I have never witnessed. What most impressed some men that the movement was entirely of God, and not of man, was the fact of the public confessions made voluntarily in prayer, for they said that no power of man, not even the utmost terrors of criminal law, would have forced such secrets from their lips. Soon the good news spread, and the Holy Fire was kindled in other places. Very muddy roads and dark nights made no difference in the size of the audiences, and men and women from the nearer country districts came pouring in to see for themselves what was happening.

At the end of the first week I got Mr. Chang to come over and relate to us in the west church his wonderful experiences in Corea, and the unusually large audience we had for him was due to a complete house to house visitation on the Saturday. We met for three and a half hours and but for the fact that Mr. Chang had another meeting immediately after we might easily have gone on for another hour or two. He divided his story into sections, and we

relieved his voice, and gave vent to our own pent up feelings by breaking in after each section with singing, and a few voluntary prayers. Running my eyes over the audience to watch the effect of Mr. Chang's message it was intensely interesting to see the look of surprise that appeared on the faces of those who had not attended the meetings through the previous week, and who did not know therefore what wonderful things had happened. They evidently felt the strange power that was manifest in the meeting, and listening to the earnest prayers of uneducated men and women with whom they had often worshipped, but whom they had never heard pray before, they seemed to be asking themselves 'what does all this mean?'

Taking advantage of these questionings and these looks of surprise, at the end of the meeting I tried to drive home Mr. Chang's message by saying, amongst other things, that to those who had attended the meetings throughout the week these things that they were seeing and hearing were not at all strange but perfectly natural. I closed with a proposal to meet for prayer every evening, and immediately almost the whole audience leaped to their feet in response. As a consequence, since then we have had a most delightful fortnight's meetings for prayer, fifteen or sixteen taking part every night, and we have resolved to continue the meetings indefinitely. These three weeks have been among the happiest I have spent in Manchuria. Latterly the low spiritual life of the congregation has been an almost unbearable burden to me, and nothing that I could do in the shape of earnest, faithful speech, seemed to do any good. Beyond cold, respectable formality, however, there was nothing seriously wrong, but that was quite enough. But during this delightful fortnight, in spirit I have daily danced with joy on hearing at least a score of men and women pray whom I never thought could pray at all. Why even five of the schoolgirls—one of nine, one twelve, and three of sixteen years of age have again and again led in prayer, and so strongly did that fact impress some of the adults that they appealed to God to at least hear the cry of the children. I could almost sing the *nunc dimittis* when I think of what God has allowed

us to see and hear these days, and yet I should like to be in this great work a little longer for it is grand beyond expression. I have often prayed for such a movement as this, yet I must be frank and say that I never expected to see it, and now I am deservedly rebuked for my want of faith. I wrongly took it for granted that these men and women would continue dry and formal to the very end, and never realize for themselves what wonderful power there is in the Gospel they had believed.

Three evenings ago one of our evangelists from the country, whom I thought rather highly of paid a visit to the city and attended our prayer-meeting. He remained dumb all the hour and a half, but I had an idea that his dumbness arose from amazement at so many men and women and even schoolgirls pouring out their hearts before God. The next evening he joined in prayer and broke down completely, weeping like a child, and confessing how cold and unfaithful he had been in the Lord's service.

I have altered the order of the Sunday services in order to give the people their due share in them. It is not fair for one man, or even two, to offer all the prayers, when so many hearts are full and waiting for expression. We have now at least five or six voluntary prayers at intervals throughout the service, and it is delightful to see that so many of them have at last realized the power of prayer. No cry that comes from them is more earnest and pathetic than the prayer for their comrades—the 'lost sheep' as they call them—who strayed away from them during the persecution of 1900. I hear that they are searching them out wherever possible and trying to bring them back. They have now an interest in all their fellow countrymen that they had not before, and it is shown not only by their prayers, but also by their presence and assistance in preaching at the street chapel every afternoon. The audiences too have in consequence, increased very much in size and attention. Of money we have very little amongst us. But some men have vowed to give a certain part of their time every week for visiting the lapsed Christians and for preaching to the non-Christians, as far as they have ability for such work.

Rev. Liu Chuan Yao, minister of the Mouk-den East Congregation, who has himself received a great uplift, writes as follows of the effect of the movement on his congregation :—

“Great numbers of our professing Christians, both in the city and outstations, have been powerfully convicted of sin, have openly confessed the same with deep contrition, falling prostrate on the ground and weeping bitterly. In every place large numbers of enquirers have received the gift of the Holy Ghost, and some who were entirely unconnected with the Christian Church have also been constrained to confess their sins, have repented and believed in Jesus. Those who have been excommunicated, or had lapsed from ordinances, are coming back and confessing their sin. Many members, who formerly were proud and cold and self-centred, have undergone an entire change of character. Those who were ashamed to confess Christ before have now great freedom and boldness in doing so. Many who neglected the Sabbath, and cared little for the services of the sanctuary, now love the house of God, while others have put up the ‘Sabbath sign.’ The careless inattention of former times has given place to alertness of mind to the ministration of the Word of Life. Bible reading and study, matters of little moment to them before, are now regarded as of the first importance, and the deep things of God are beginning to be better understood. Preaching the Word, whether in church or chapel, on ordinary or special occasions, was formerly unaccompanied with power, whoever the preacher might be. Now the Word of God has free course and is glorified, and not only in the case of Mr. Goforth’s ministry, and that of Mr. Li and Mr. Meng, but also in the case of every one who has received blessing through them. Wherever they go signs follow. A new anxiety for the spiritual welfare of friends and relations has taken possession of men’s hearts. Those who formerly did nothing for Christ are now freely offering their service, while others give of their means for this special work. Women too are freely offering their time and service, a thing never heard of before. Those who never gave for the cause of Christ before have now become willing to give, many have devoted a tenth to Christ, while not a few have given up wine and

tobacco, in order that they may be able to give more for the good cause.

All the people pray now with a new earnestness and power. Prayers are not only fervent, they are effectual. Formerly our prayers seemed without effect, now answers are looked for and received. Many who never prayed before have learned to pray, and those whose prayers were formal and lifeless have become sincere and earnest. Family worship has been begun in many homes where prayer was unknown till now. Prayer-meetings for both men and women have been formed, not only in the city but in all the outstations, in the boys' and girls' schools, in the men's and women's hospitals, and, most significant of all, some ten girls in the government school have formed a prayer union of their own.

When members go from home on any affair whatever they make it a matter of prayer, and ask others to pray for them. All the office-bearers of the Church are inspired with a new zeal and devotion to Christ's cause. A new inward peace, and a new outward joy are manifest in all the members."

The following interesting account from the Women's Hospital shows how all the workers and patients in that institution were uplifted by the movement.—

"At the outset of the special meetings conducted by Mr. Goforth the student dispensers were all at home for the New Year holidays. But in a day or two they began to return and as each one came in and was told of the doings at the church, she listened astonished, and immediately became eager to go and see for herself. Liu Shih Chen from Lagoyu, began to be distressed about the lukewarmness of her own village, and Li Kuei Ying was affected in the same way about Paitapu. Chang Shih Chih, daughter of the native pastor of Tiehling, began to pray earnestly for her father's flock, and Yu Wen Hui, the only Christian in a large family, began to pray for her own people. One night Liu Shih Chen spoke in the church at one of the prayer-meetings, saying that she wished to reconsecrate herself to the Lord's work. Before the holidays she had become absorbed by her medical classes, and had said to herself that when the exams were over she would give more time to teaching the

patients, but now she resolved to put nothing before the important work of winning people for Christ in the hospital. Though she was the only one who spoke aloud, the others seemed to have made the same resolution, for the work of teaching and talking to the patients in the wards became an engrossing occupation, with the result that the patients all became greatly interested and anxious to learn, and several of them expressed the desire to become enquirers. The dispensers said 'the hospital has received the Spirit,' which was true enough, though I think they did not realise that it was through the new power going forth from themselves. One evening the minister, Mr. Liu, came up to see the patients, and instead of two or three as we expected, putting down their names as enquirers, one after another came up, until the pastor had a list of sixteen.

When the time came for the members to offer their gifts to the Lord, three of them, Mrs. Li, Miss Liu and Miss Chang, sent in a paper announcing their desire to express their gratitude to God for His mercy, by giving a tenth of what they earned to His work, and the others, though they did not publicly offer, have one and another told me of various ways by which they wish to use their means to help to spread the truth. Chang Hsi Chih wrote to her father, the minister of Tiehling, who was then moving from place to place in the north of Manchuria, conducting special meetings. In her letter she described the outpouring of the Spirit in Moukden, with the result that he was greatly helped and cheered. He replied asking her to write a letter to the church at Kuan-chengtse, where he was about to conduct meetings. She did so, and her letter was used of God to help to rouse the members there from their coldness. A prayer circle was formed in the hospital, and every night the members met for prayer. Prayer was offered for friends and relatives, for the people of their own town or village, and for themselves to be used of God. One special subject of intercession every night was in connection with Mrs. Pei, the hospital cook, an earnest Christian. She had broken up her household many years ago, sold a little son of eight years old to an official, and came to Moukden with the object of entering a temple to

become a nun. But having some trouble in her hand she came first to the hospital to be healed. The seed sown while there fell into prepared ground, and immediately bore fruit. She became a Christian, and stayed on in the hospital as one of the workers. From that day, however, she had quite lost sight of all her family connections, and did not even know whether her son was alive or dead. Any mention of him brought the tears to her eyes at once, and now that she herself possessed the great hope of salvation she was doubly anxious about her people. Prayer was offered every night at the prayer circle, and a few days ago, without any warning, a brother whom she had not seen for twelve years suddenly appeared at the hospital, asking for Mrs. Pei! She was overjoyed to see him, and before he had conversed with her very long she went for her Bible, and began to get him to listen to her story of the gospel. The brother stayed only a few days, then went back to his home, and Mrs. Pei is hoping, and still praying, that she may yet be able to find traces of her son, perhaps through this brother."

It was early seen that all branches of the work among women would share richly in the blessing. This has been the case, as the following graphic account will show:—"The Moukden revival had its first manifestations in a woman, Mrs. Hou, teacher in Mrs. Turley's school for blind children. In June 1907 our church had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. McLaren of Edinburgh. Mrs. McLaren addressed a large gathering of our Christian women in the waiting-room of the women's hospital. The subject of her address was the outpouring of the Spirit on the Corean Church. At the close of the address many of the women pressed forward, Mrs. Hou among them, to express their delight at seeing and hearing Mrs. McLaren. Even then Mrs. Hou was agitated, but a quiet word was spoken to her, and a promise given of a future meeting. Later on Mrs. Robertson had a talk with her. She was unhappy, and was conscious that her heart was not right with God. Mrs. Robertson prayed with her, and spoke words of counsel and comfort to her. Afterwards several women mentioned that Mrs. McLaren's words had set them athinking, and longing that the blessing which had come to the Corean Church might come to

them. Many were praying in secret. Seven months passed, and Mr. Goforth of Honan came. His first address was also on the Corean Church. It was the second day of the meetings. An opportunity was given for prayer and confession, and the first to lead in prayer was Mrs. Hou, who threw herself on the ground and poured out her confession of sinfulness in passionate earnestness, her voice broken with loud sobs, and her body shaken with emotion. Her confession and repentance were the signal for a great cry from the rest of the people. Men and women, some on their knees, and some prostrate on the ground, poured out their confessions and cried for mercy. Every day saw the women gather in greater numbers; the movement began to be felt as the news spread. The most indifferent and careless were affected by it; many who rarely attended church came to see and stayed to pray. Painful to witness as many of the scenes were, the pain had to be borne before peace and forgiveness could be enjoyed. From confession we glided into thanksgiving, and care for others. It was at this point that a wonderful thing was to be seen; waves of united prayer for others, each man and woman praying audibly for their relatives, friends, neighbours, for villages and districts. One would have thought there would have been discord in this form of prayer, instead, there was exquisite harmony. How they poured out their hearts for others in these prayers! Such fervour! Truly they 'gave themselves' to prayer for others on these days.

From thanksgiving we passed to free-will offerings. Many promised their tenth, many others, so much of their time to preaching. Some handed in articles of jewelry.

In the girls' school, Moukden, there are between seventy and eighty pupils, daughters of the church, gathered from the city and the many outstations, members, some of them of large families, whose immediate influence is great and whose influence on the church of the coming generation is simply incalculable. It was felt from the beginning that it was of the greatest importance that they should come under the influence of this gracious movement. It would have been a pity—a loss—had they been passed by. It is a source of joy to know that there

has been great blessing among them. It has shown itself in a less conspicuous manner than among the seniors. There was no special manifestation in public. It was a good thing that this was so. But the indications of a gracious work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts have been unmistakeable. A keen sense of sin, and sorrow for it, earnest prayers for forgiveness, a new love towards the Saviour, a desire to serve Him and help others, have all been conspicuously manifested among them, 'Others can offer gifts—we have none to offer. Others can give time and service—we cannot. What can we do, specially, to show our love to Christ?' And when it was suggested that perhaps they might devote a little time to reading to the patients in the women's hospital, and teaching those who were willing to learn, their joy was boundless. And now the older girls go two and two and spend an hour by the bedsides of the women patients, reading to them and shedding the brightness of their fresh young faith and love into others' lives.

The time came for Mr. Goforth to leave us. It was felt by all that though he had to go, the meetings must be continued. Elder Li came from Paotingfu, and for the next ten days kept the attention of the people, leading them into fuller light, pointing out their duties to God, to themselves and to others, showing them their privileges, calling them to go forward as new men and women in Christ Jesus. Following on the awakening, the addresses of Elder Li were God directed. It was what the people needed—plain direction. They had consecrated themselves afresh, and did not know what was the right thing to do. Their hearts burned with fresh zeal, and they longed to show forth their gratitude and love. These after weeks of quiet waiting upon God were greatly blessed to our women. Elder Li's teaching strengthened them greatly for what they will have to meet afterwards, more opposition, more persecution, more subtle temptation in the light of fuller knowledge, to be fought and overcome. We had been on the mount. It was good for us to be there, but as Mr. Li told us in his last address, we had to go

down from the mount of transfiguration, and face the pain, the misery and the sin of the work-a-day world below.

Among the women, those who received the greatest blessing were those who had been members for a number of years. Those who were recently baptised received a great impetus, but the effect of the Spirit was not so apparent on them.

What a change has come over us! Before we had to grieve over indifference and coldness, great irregularity at church services, a lack of interest in the preaching of the word, coldness, worldliness in the spiritual domain, and a lack of warmth and fervour generally. To-day we are a changed church. Such care for the welfare of others, such heartiness, such quiet reverence! It has made work, that since the Boxer outbreak has been hard and discouraging, to become 'our hope, our joy, our crown of rejoicing.' From our centre here the movement has reached the women in our furthestmost outstations. It has given to the girls' school, training home and hospital a great impetus. We have more women and girls wanting to learn than we quite know how to accommodate. But labour is light with such earnest hearts longing to know. And we go forward in the glad assurance that He who has wrought this work is able to do 'exceeding abundant,' beyond anything we have seen or can imagine, 'above all that we can ask or think.' "

Mr. Robert T. Turley, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, writes as follows on the effect of the movement on Colportage work,—

"The great revival movement in Manchuria is just what all who are specially interested in the Bible Society's work, have longed for. In the first place, whilst the Christians in Manchuria have always compared favourably with those of other provinces of China in their desire to possess for themselves complete Bibles and New Testaments, and also in their contributions to the Society's funds, yet it has been felt that there was much deadness, and not the life needful for a healthy church. For some years we have had great difficulty in obtaining fresh colporteurs, who would face the hardships, and endure the privations of their calling, and also be powers

for good. Twenty years since such men were to be had, but those of recent times have been largely failures. Now we find, on all sides, a further demand for God's own Word, Bibles for the Christian homes, and gospels for the Christians' friends, systematic Bible reading, and regular family worship. Devoted men are coming forward offering their services, and not least, our old and faithful colporteurs, have all had a great lift up, and are going forth with a new enthusiasm to witness for the Master, whose they are and whom they serve. Our Bible-women, always earnest, were among the first to receive a blessing, which is proving by their lives and works to be very real.

Our blind children and their teacher all came in for a share of the Holy Spirit's work. We can only bow our heads in reverence and gratitude, and pray that greater and greater things may be wrought throughout all Manchuria."

The following statement from the men's hospital shows how the work in that institution has been uplifted by the movement :—

"The men's hospital in Moukden has had its full share of the great blessing which has been poured out upon the Moukden church this spring, and there is a new life and joy in every department of its work. From the beginning of the meetings arrangements were made that as many as possible of all the assistants, students and various employees should attend in turn, some going in the mornings, and almost all in the evenings. Of all the thirty-two men in hospital employ there is not one who has not been, at least stirred up, and a good many, especially the students, have been deeply moved, and have entered on what is really a new life.

We have in the hospital a devotional meeting with the staff before each day's work begins, and some of these morning gatherings at the time of the special meetings were most touching and inspiring. There were personal confessions from man to man, such as could hardly be made in the church, confessions of unkindness, ill-feeling, jealousy, suspicion, and other things, requests individually for forgiveness, glad promises of reconciliation, prayers to God for forgiveness too, specially for lack of

faithfulness in leading patients to Christ, and earnest self-consecration to His work in the hospital. There was a general feeling that they needed to pray more, so a prayer union was formed which has a meeting every evening attended by the whole staff, assistants, evangelists, coolies, etc. They have a book with a text for every day of the year. This they repeat together and learn by heart, there is an informal talk about it, and a good deal of prayer. The students have also expressed the desire to form a branch of the Y.M.C.A. with the object of influencing and helping the young men of the city.

With the workers thus roused and inspired, it is not to be wondered at that there is a notable movement among the patients. At first there was curiosity and then awe as they heard of the confessions of sin in the church. Many who had been uninterested began to realize that they too were sinners, and one and another set themselves to seek God. Altogether during the three months since those meetings began, thirty-five patients have put down their names as desirous of baptism. These are scattering one by one to their homes, where they will receive further instruction. One was a soldier, and though still unbaptised, his Christian profession has cost him his post, for he is now dismissed from his regiment by an anti-Christian officer. The hospital evangelist is kept very busy talking to the patients in the wards, and says he never saw so many at one time anxious to hear. He cannot enter a ward without several calling to him to come and teach them, and even with the help of the assistants and students these eager enquirers don't get enough to satisfy them. In the dispensary waiting-room the same readiness to hear is manifest, far beyond what is usual.

These are a few of the definite results which may be reported, but more important still is the intangible but real change which has passed over the hospital. There are the wheels of much machinery in an institution of this size, and it is not always easy to keep these oiled. But all goes smoothly now. Medicines are made up with enthusiasm, the coolies labour with a smile, and our thirty-two workers throw heart and soul into all they have to do."

The following impressions of the meetings in Moukden by one who was seldom absent, gives touching expression to what we all felt :—

“On entering the church during the meetings one was immediately impressed with the feeling of intense earnestness that pervaded the place. On the women’s side mothers no longer needed to be told to hush their little ones cries, or to move gently where movement was necessary ; babies were kept quiet as if by magic, and doors shut and opened as softly as the most exacting could desire. At last these people had got right into the presence of the Most High, and nothing must be allowed to disturb the audience granted. A fear seemed to exist that this wonderful time might pass and all the petitions might not have been presented,—that some loved one might still be left without a blessing, and the doors be closed ere all were saved. ‘*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation’ seemed to be sounding like the voice of a trumpet in their hearts, and creating that tone of urgency with which their prayers were offered. And what prayers those were ! The rushing of a mighty wind through the place seemed no simile, but a reality, and the cry that went up from those hearts eagerly reaching out to the God who had revealed Himself to them was thrilled with love and absolute faith. They saw the pit out of which they had been digged, and they saw Jesus, and seeing Him, all else was blotted out. He was all and in all ! For thirty years said one, ‘I have been a so-called Christian, but I have only just now met Christ.’ We no longer hear the word ‘doctrine’ in the forefront of all discourses. ‘Do you know Jesus ?’ ‘Have you felt the Spirit’s power ?’ These are the crucial questions of the hour, and indicate the crowning blessing that the Manchurian Church has at this time received.

Another impression one got was that a new spirit of kindliness, of thoughtfulness for others was abroad. We were all one great family and at last the Angel’s message of peace and goodwill seemed to have been realized. All joys and sorrows we had in common, and petitions and thanksgivings went up with a heartfelt earnestness for some unknown supplicant whose cry came from an outstation as for a member of one’s

home. As one returned home late at night after a meeting, the streets presented an unusual sight. Crowds of men and women and even children thronged the road, in groups or singly, each with his paper lantern held before him, little points of light dotted over a great heathen city. The same intensity that characterized the meeting was still evident in their manner and speech. The strange events of the last few days were discussed in no low tone, but, as is usual with Chinese, at the top of their voices, and as one passed swiftly through the crowd from one side and another came to one's ears words never before so spoken in Moukden,—sin, repentance, forgiveness, Jesus, Holy Spirit, prayer. These, and short extracts caught from conversations, suggested that a new day of spiritual awakening had dawned on the land. Our progress being stopped on one occasion, the following conversation was overheard. First an angry voice said, 'Why did you make such a fool of yourself to-night at the meeting? You have lost face before every one. If you wanted to confess sin, could you not have gone home and prayed in your own room?' The answer came impressively and in awe-struck tones, 'Do you think I wanted to stand up before every one and confess the awful sins I did? No, I struggled in agony against the impulse, but, my brother, when the Spirit of God tells you to get up on your feet and confess, *you've got to do it!*'"

Four months after the meetings at Sinminfu Mr. Omelvena writes, "I still thank God that such a wave has broken on our shores. All the manifestations recorded by you were duplicated in my large district, the evangelists, elders, deacons, and schools without exception were borne off their plodding ways and swept irresistibly forward: every nook and corner of the district was reconnoitred, and the new gospel of confession and peace was proclaimed and accepted. Vows and offerings were presented, and those who previously had been more or less instructed in divine truth, those in whom the spirit could, as it were, find a vantage ground, have almost in proportion to their previous preparedness been bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit.

One result of the work has been that now my best helpers are fully sensible of the great honour, as well as the great responsibility their duty carries with it. In season and out of season they are working and planning and itinerating, and praying (the latter they practice now,) and the senior boys and girls of the schools are infused with a different spirit, and their private meetings for prayer and searching the Scriptures, as well as their concerted efforts to preach in the streets and villages, show where our main hope lies for the future."

This must suffice with regard to the fruits of this blessed movement. Perhaps we should not speak of them as fruits. For after all it is but spring time with us now, the time of the green blade and the fruit blossom. It is all very sweet and fresh and beautiful, but the harvest is not yet, and the time for the full corn in the ear and the ripened fruit must wait. A generation indeed must pass before a fair and true appreciation of the results of this revival can be formed. Meantime we are glad and thankful to Almighty God for His grace to this church in Manchuria. The movement has indeed lifted the whole Church in this southern province "into a more clear and decided consciousness of their Christianity. It has baptised thousands in the Spirit of Jesus, and opened the eyes of innumerable men and women to the reality of the great facts of repentance and conversion, to the possibility of self-control, and peace by God's Spirit." That was true in Scotland in the seventies, it is true of Manchuria to-day.

There are rocks ahead we know. Every movement of the kind is beset with them. "Revivals rise and fall, but the influences of worldliness and vice abide with fresh and awful persistency." The war has only just begun. We tremble to think of the battles yet to be lost and won by those who have only now entered the lists. But the Lord of Hosts is with them. The God of Jacob is their refuge.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest." "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth labourers into His harvest."